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Devout Exercises

OF THE

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OF A R T,

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MEDITATION, SOLILOQUY,
PRAYER & PRAISE.

BY THE PIOUS AND INGENIOUS MRS. ROWE.

REVIEWED AND PUBLISHED, AT HER REQUEST,

By I. WATTS, D. D.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, and J. HODGES.

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T O

An intimate Friend

O F

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.

M A D A M,

IF these pious Meditations of so sublime a genius should be inscribed to any name, there is none but yours must have stood in the front of them. That long and constant intimacy of friendship with which you delighted to honour her, that high esteem and veneration you are pleased to pay her memory, and the sacred likeness and sympathy between two kindred souls, absolutely determine where this respect should be paid.

Besides, Madam, you well know, that some copies out of these papers have been your

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own

iv D E D I C A T I O N.

— own several years by the gift of the deceased; and the favour you have done me lately by your permission to peruse them, has assisted the correction of these Manuscripts, and would add another reason to support this inscription of them, if your fear of assuming too much honour could but have admitted this piece of justice.

I know, Madam, your tenderness and indulgence to every thing Mrs. ROWE has written, cannot withhold your judgment from suspecting some of her expressions to be a little too rapturous, and too near a-kin to the language of the mystical writers, yet your piety and candour will take no such offence as to prevent your best improvement by them in all that is divine and holy; and may your retired hours find such happy assistances and elevations hereby, that you may commence the joys of angels and of blessed spirits beforehand.

And when your valuable life has been long extended amidst all the temporal blessings you enjoy, and the Christian virtues you practise, may you, at the call of God, find a gentle dismission from mortality, and ascend on high to meet your deceased friend in Paradise.

Nor

DEDICATION. v

Nor can I suppose that any of the inhabitants of that blissful region will sooner recognize your glorified spirit; or will salute your first appearance there with a more tender sense of mutual satisfaction. There may you join with your beloved Philomela, in paying celestial worship in exalted and unknown forms, to her God, and your God; and may the harmony of the place be assisted by your united songs to Jesus, your common Saviour!

I am, Madam,

With great sincerity and esteem,

Your most faithful,

and obedient servant,

NEWINGTON, }
Sept. 29th, 1737.

I. WATT S.

3 A.

NOTES
RECEIVED

D E D I C A T I O N

P R E F A C E.

THE admirable author of these devotional papers has been in high esteem among the ingenious and polite, since *she* many excellent fruits of her pen, both in verse and prose, have appeared in public. She was early honoured under the feigned name of Philomela, before the world was allowed to know Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, by the name drawn from her family, or that of Mrs. Rowe, which she acquired by marriage.

Though many of her writings that were published in her life time discover a pious and heavenly temper, and a warm zeal for religion and virtue ; yet she chose to conceal the devotions of her heart till she was got beyond the censure and the applause of mortals. 'Twas enough that God, whom she loved with ardent and supreme affection, was witness to all her secret and immense breathings after him.

In February last he was pleased to call her out of our world, and take her to himself. Some time after her decease these manuscripts were transmitted to me, all inclosed in one sheet of paper, and directed to me at Newington, by her own hand. In the midst of them I found her letter, which intreated me to review them, and commit them to the press. This letter I have thought necessary to shew the world, not so much to discover my right to publish these papers, as to let the reader see something more of that holy and heavenly character which she maintained in an uniform manner both in life and death.

'Tis now almost thirty years since I was honoured with her acquaintance, nor could her great modesty conceal all her shining graces and accomplishments; but it is not my province to give a particular account of this excellent woman, who has blessed and adorned our nation and our age. I expect her temper, her conduct, and her virtues will be set in a just and pleasing light among the memoirs of her life, by some near relations, to whom the care of her poetical pieces, and her familiar letters are committed.

P R E F A C E ix

These Devout Exercises are animated with such fire, as seems to speak the language of holy passion, and discovers them to be the dictates of her heart; and those who were favoured with her chief intimacy will most readily believe it. The style, I confess, is raised above that of common meditation or soliloquy; but let it be remembered she was no common Christian. As her virtues were sublime, so her genius was bright and sparkling, and the vivacity of her imagination had a tincture of the mule almost from her childhood. This made it natural for her to express the inward sentiments of her soul in more exalted language, and to paint her own ideas in metaphor and rapture, near akin to the diction of poetry.

The reader will here find a spirit dwelling in flesh, elevated into divine transports, congenial to those of angels and unbodied minds. Her intense love to her God kindles at every hint, and transcends the limits of mortality. I scarce ever meet with any devotional writings which gives us an example of a soul, at special seasons, so far raised above every thing that is not immortal and divine.

Yet she is conscious of her frailties too; she
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sometimes confesses her folly and her guilt in the sight of God, in the most affecting language of a deep humiliation. 'Tis with a pathetic sensibility of her weakness, and in the strongest language of self displacency, she bewails her offences against her Creator and Redeemer; and in her intervals of darkness, she vents her painful complaints and mournings for the absence of her highest and best beloved.

Let it be observed, that it was much the fashion, even among some divines of eminence in former years to express the fervours of devout love to our Saviour in the style of the Song of Solomon: and I must confess that several of my compositions in verse, written in younger life, were led by these examples unwarily into this tract. But if I may be permitted to speak the sense of mature age, I can hardly think this the happiest language in which Christians should generally discover their warm sentiments of religion, since the clearer and more spiritual revelation of the New Testament. Yet still it must be owned, there are some souls favoured with such beautifying visits from heaven, and enraptured with such a flame of divine affection, as more powerfully engages all animal nature in their devotions,

devotions, and constrains them to speak their purest and most spiritual exercises in such pathetic and tender expressions as may be perfectly prophaned by an unholy construction. And the bias and propensity towards this style is yet stronger, where early impressions of piety have been made on the heart by devout writings of this kind.

It should be remembered also, that there is nothing to be found here which arises above our ideas; here are none of those absurd and incomprehensible phrases which amuse the ear with sounding vanity, and hold reason in sovereign contempt: here are no visionary scenes of wild extravagance, no affectations of the tumid and unmeaning style, which spreads a glaring confusion over the understanding; nothing that leads the reader into the region of those mystical shadows and darkness which abound in the Romish writers, under the pretence of refined light and sublime extacy. Nor is the character of this ingenious author to be blemished with any other reproaches which have been sometimes cast on such sort of meditations.

I know it hath been said, that this language of rapture addressed to the Deity, is but

but a new track given to the flow of the softer powers, after the disappointment of some meander love; or at least, 'tis owing to the want of a proper object and opportunity to fix those tender passions: but this cannot be allowed to be the case here; for as Mrs. Rowe had been sought early by several lovers, so she spent several years of younger life in the connubial state with a gentleman of such accomplishments and such circumstances, that he was well fitted to be the partner of her joys and cares.

I know also that this soft and passionate love of religious meditation has sometimes been imputed to injuries and ill-treatment in the marriage state, whereby the same affections are weaned from an undeserving object, and poured out in amorous language upon an object supremely worthy and divine. But neither has reproach any pretence in the present case; that happy pair had souls so near a kin to each other, that they persevered in uncommon amity, and mutual satisfaction so long as providence favoured him with life. 'Tis sufficiently evident then, that in these meditations there is no secret panting after a mortal love in the language of devotion and piety.

Nor yet can it be objected, that it was displeance and peevishness towards other things round about her, that taught her to express herself with such contempt of the things of mortality, and all the gay and tempting scenes of the present state: she was by no means sour and morose, and out of humour with the world, nor with her acquaintance that dwelt in it: she often conversed freely with the gay and the great, and was in high esteem among persons of rank and honour. But honour and rank among mortals, with all the scenes of gaiety and greatness, were little, despicable, and forgotten things, while in her devout moments, her eyes and her heart were fixed on God, the supreme original of all excellency and all honour.

In common life she was affable and friendly with persons of every rank and degree: and in her latter years, as she drew nearer to heaven, if she avoided any thing, it was grandeur and public appearance on earth. But she never concealed and abstracted herself from the society of any of her fellow-creatures as to despise the meanest of her species, she was ever kind and compassionate to the distressed, and largely liberal to the indigent. Nor did she neglect the daily duties

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of

of human life, under a vain imagination that she moved in a higher sphere, and was spiritually exalted above them.

In short, there are nothing in these papers that can justly support any such sort of censures, tho' men of corrupt minds may cover the bible itself with slander and ridicule. Let all such readers stand aloof, nor touch these sacred leaves, lest they pollute them.

Tho' there is not one complete copy of verses amongst all these transports of her soul, yet she ever carried with her a relish of poetry even in her sacred retirements. Sometimes the springs her sight from a line or two of verses, which her memory had impressed upon her heart: sometimes from the midst of her religious elevations the lights down upon a few lines of some modern poet, even Herbert as well as Milton, &c. altho' it is but seldom she cites their names. At other times the verses seem to be the effusion of her own rapturous thoughts in sudden melody and metre; or at least I know not whence the lines are copied: but the most frequently does me the honour to make use of some of my writings in verse in these holy meditations of her heart. Blessed be that God, who has so

favoured any thing my pen could produce, as to assist so sublime a devotion.

From the different appearances of the paper and ink in some of these pieces, as well as from the early transcripts of several of them among her friends, 'tis evident they were written in her younger days; others are of a much later original, though there is but one that bears a date, and that is April 30, 1735. They seem to have been penned at special seasons and occasions throughout the course of her life. A few of them bear the corrections or additions of her own pen, which discovers itself by a little difference of the hand writing.

Though she was never tempted away from our common Christianity into the fashionable apothecies of the age, yet I am well informed from many hands, that in her latter years, she entered with more zeal and affection into some of the peculiar doctrines of the gospel: and it is evident that some of these devotional pieces have a more evangelical turn than others, and probably most of these were composed or corrected in the latter part of life. The opposition which has of late been made to some of these truths, gave occasion

to her further search into them, and her zeal for them. However, I have placed these papers all as I found them pinned up in a wrapping-paper, though it is evident, from plain circumstances, this is not the order in which they were written in, nor is that of any great importance.

Though these writings give us the aspirations of a devout soul in her holy retirements when she had no design to present the public with them; yet they did not want a great deal of adjustment or corrections, in order to see the light. The numbers and the titles are added by the publisher, as well as the breaks and pauses, which give a sort of rest to the reader's mind, and make the review more easy. Here and there a too venturous flight is a little moderated; sometimes a meditation or a sentence is completed, which seemed very imperfect, or a short line or two inserted to introduce the sense where the language seemed too abrupt, or the meaning too obscure. Her soul had a large set of ideas in present view, which made every expression she used easy and perspicuous to herself when she wrote only for her own use; though sometimes her entire sense might not be quite so obvious to every reader, without

little introduction into her track of sentiments. Upon the whole, I must acknowledge, I was very unwilling that excellent work should lose any degrees of elegance or brightness, by passing through my hands.

When the manuscript came under my review, I read it over with the eye of a critic and a friend, that I might publish it with honour to the hand that wrote it, and with religious entertainment, and advantage to the world: nor was this employment destitute of its proper satisfaction. But never did I feel the true pleasure of these meditations, till I had finished this labour of the head, and began to read them over again, as “Devout Exercises of the Heart:” then I endeavoured to enter more entirely into the spirit of the pious author, and attempted to assume her language as my own. But how much superior was the satisfaction which I received from this review, especially whereforever I had reason to hope I could pronounce her words with sincerity of soul? How happily did this raise and entertain all my pleasing passions, and give me another sort of delight, than any dry critical perusal of them, in order to judge concerning their propriety? But I confess also, it was an abasing and mortifying thought,

when I found how often I was constrained to drop the sublime expression from my lips, or forbid my tongue to use it, because my own attainments sunk so far beneath these sacred elevations of spirit, and fell so far short of those transcendent degrees of divine affection and zeal.

Let me persuade all that peruse this book to make the same experiment that I have done; and when they have shut out the world, and are reading in their retirements, let them try how far they can speak this language, and assume these sentiments as their own: and by aspiring to follow them, may they find the same satisfaction and delight, or at least learn the profitable lessons of self-abasement and holy shame: and may a noble and glorious ambition excite in their breasts a sacred zeal to emulate so illustrious an example. Whatsoever ardors of divine love have been kindled in a soul united to flesh and blood, may also be kindled by the same influence of grace in other spirits, labouring under the same clogs and impediments.

But perhaps it will be necessary here to give a caution to some humble Christians, that they would not make these higher elevations of

piety and holy joy the test and standard by which to judge of the sincerity of their own religion. Ten thousand saints are arrived safe at Paradise, who have not been favoured like St. Paul, with a rapture into the third heaven, nor could ever arise to the affectionate transports and devout joys of Mrs. Rowe; yet I hope all serious readers may find something here, which, through the aids of the blessed Spirit, may raise them above their usual pitch, may give a new spring to their religious pleasures, and their immortal hopes, and thereby render their lives more holy and heavenly.

That the publication of this little book may be favoured with the divine blessing for this happy end, is the sincere desire and request of the publisher, as it was the real motive of the ingenious and pious writer to commit them, by my hand, to the public view. This sufficiently discovers itself in the following letter.

TO THE

Reverend Dr. Watts,

At NEWINGTON,

SIR,

THE opinion I have of your piety and judgment is the reason of my giving you the trouble of looking over these papers, in order to publish them; which I desire you to do as soon as you can conveniently; only you have full liberty to suppress what you think proper.

I think there can be no vanity in this design, for I am sensible such thoughts as these will not be for the taste of the meddler part of the world; and before they appear, I shall be entirely disinterested in the censure or applause of mortals.

The reflections were occasionally written, and only for my own improvement; but I
am,

am not without hopes that they may have the same effect on some pious minds, as the reading the experience of others has had on my soul. The experimental part of religion has generally a greater influence than its theory; and if, when I am sleeping in the dust, these soliloquies should kindle a flame of divine love in the heart of the lowly and most despised Christian, be the glory given to the great Spring of all grace and benignity.

I have now done with mortal things, and all to come is vast eternity——Eternity——How transporting is the sound! as long as God exists, my being and happiness is secure. These unbounded desires, which the wide creation cannot limit, shall be satisfied forever. I shall drink at the fountain-head of pleasure, and be refreshed with the emanations of original life and joy. I shall hear the voice of uncreated harmony speaking peace and ineffable consolation to my soul.

I expect eternal life, not as a reward (deserve) but a pure act of bounty. Detesting myself in every view I can take, I fly to the righteousness and atonement of my great Redeemer for pardon and salvation; this is my consolation and hope. "Enter not into judgment"

"me"

ment, O Lord, with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified."

Through the blood of the Lamb, I hope for an entire victory over the last enemy: and that before this comes to you, I shall have reached the celestial heights: and while you are reading these lines, I shall be adoring before the throne of God, where faith shall be turned into vision, and these languishing desires satisfied with the full fruition of immortal love. Adieu.

ELIZ. ROWE.

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Devout Exercises

OF THE

H E A R T, &c.

I. SUPREME LOVE to GOD.

WH Y, O my God, wilt this mortal structure put so great a separation between my soul and thee? I am surrounded with thy essence, yet I cannot perceive thee, and trace thy footsteps in heaven and earth, yet I cannot overtake thee: thou art before me, and I cannot reach thee: and behind me, and I perceive thee not.

O thou, whom unseen, I love, by what powerful influence dost thou attract my soul? The eye has not seen, nor the ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive what thou art: and yet I love thee beyond all that mine eye has seen, or my ear heard, beyond all that my heart can comprehend. Thou dwellest in the heights of glory, to which no human thought can soar, and yet thou art more near and intimate to my soul than any of the objects of sense. These ears have never

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heard thy voice,) and yet I am better acquainted with thee, and can rely on thee with more confidence, than on the dearest friend I have on earth.

My heart cleaves to thee, O Lord, as its only refuge, and finds in thee a secret and constant spring of consolation. I speak to thee with the utmost confidence, and think thy being my greatest happiness. The reflection on thy existence and greatness recreates my spirits, and fills my heart with alacrity; my soul overflows with pleasure, I rejoice, I triumph in thy independent blessedness, and absolute dominion. Reign, O my God, for ever, glorious and uncontrouled.

I, a worm of the earth, would join my assent with the infinite orders above, with all thy serving ministers who rejoice in thy kingdom and glory.

Though not to them thy happier race, allow'd
To view the bright unveil'd Divinity;

(By no audacious glance from mortal eyes,
Those mystic glories are to be profan'd)
But yet I feel the same immortal flame,
And love thee, though unseen.

I love thee——Thus far I can speak, but all the rest is unutterable: and I must leave the pleasing tale untold till I can talk in the language of immortality; and then I'll begin the transporting story, which shall never come to an end, but be still and still beginning: for thy beauties, O thou fairest of ten thousand, will still be new, and shall kindle fresh ardour in my soul to all eternity. The facie

same shall rise, nor find any limits till thy perfections find a period.

I love thee, and, O how that knowest all things, read the characters that love has drawn on my heart: what excellence but thine in heaven and earth could raise such aspirations of soul, such sublime and fervent affections as those I feel? What could fix my spirits but boundless perfection? what is there else for whose sake I could despise all created glory? Why am I not at rest here among sensible enjoyments? Whence arise these importunate longings, these infinite desires? Why does not the complete creation satisfy, or at least delude me with a dream of happiness? Why do not the objects of sense awake a more ardent sentiment than things distant and invisible? Why should I, who "say to corruption, thou art my father," aspire after an union with the immense Divinity?

You angels of God, that behold his face, explain to me the sacred mystery; tell me how this heavenly flame began, unriddle its wondrous generation; who hath animated this mortal frame with celestial fire, and given a clod of earth this divine ambition? What could kindle it but the breath of God, which kindled up my soul? and to thee its amiable original, it ascends; it breaks through all created perfection, and keeps on its restless course to the first pattern of beauty.

Ye flowery varieties of the earth, and you sparkling glories of the skies, your blandishments are vain, while I pursue an excellence that casts a reproach on all your glory. I would fain close my eyes on all the various and lovely appearances you present, and would open them on a brighter scene. I have de-

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fires which nothing visible can gratify: to which no material things are suitable. O when shall I find objects more entirely agreeable to my intellectual faculties? My soul springs forward in pursuit of a distant good, whom I follow by some faint ray of light, which only glimmers by short intervals before me. Oh when will it disperse the clouds, and break out in full splendor on my soul?

But what will the open vision of thy beauties effect, if while thou art but faintly imagined, I love thee with such a sacred fervour? To what blessed heights shall my admiration rise, when I shall behold thee in full perfection; when I shall see thee as thou art exalted in majesty, and complete in beauty? How shall I triumph then in thy glory, and in the privileges of my own being? What ineffable thoughts will arise to find myself united to the all-sufficient Divinity, by ties which the sons of men have no means to express, by an engagement that the revolution of eternal years shall not dissolve? The league of nature shall be broken, and the laws of the mingled elements be cancelled; but my relation to the almighty God shall stand fixed and unchangeable as his own existence: "Nor life, nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall ever separate me from his love."

Triumph, O my soul, and rejoice; look forward beyond the period of all terrestrial things: look beyond ten thousand ages of celestial blessedness, look forward still, and take an immeasurable prospect; press on and leave unnumbered ages behind, ages of ineffable peace and pleasure; plunge at once into the ocean of bliss, and call eternity itself thy own.

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There are no limits to the prospect of my joy; it runs parallel with the duration of the infinite Divinity: my bliss is without bounds: O when shall the full possession of it commence?

II. The TRUTH and GOODNESS of G O D.

ENGRAV'D as in eternal bras,
The mighty promise shines;

Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze

Those everlasting lines.

The sacred word of grace is strong

As that which build the skies;

The voice that rolls the stars along

Speaks all the promises.

And they all are built on the immutable truth and goodness of thy nature: thou dost not speak at random like vain man; but whatever thou hast engaged to perform, is the result of eternal counsel and design. Thou hast uttered nothing that thou canst. The occasion to alter on a second review: thou canst promise nothing to thy own damage, nor be a loser by the utmost liberality. Thou art every way qualified to make good thy engagements, by the fulness of thy riches and power.

Nor hast thou any necessity to flatter thy creatures, or to say kinder things to them than thou meanest to fulfil. Miserable man can bring no advantage so thee, nor has he any thing to claim from thee. By what benefit has he prevented thee? By what right can he demand the least of thy favours? Thy engagements are all free and unconstrained, founded on thy own beneficence, and not on the

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merits of thy creature. While I consider this, my expectations rise, I set no limits to my hopes: I look up with confidence, and call thee *my Father*, and with a humble faith, I claim every advantage that tender name imports. My heart confides in thee with steadfastness and alacrity; fear and distrust are inconsistent with my thoughts of the beneficence of thy nature.

Every name and attribute by which thou hast revealed thyself to man confirms my faith. Thy life, thy being is engaged: I may as well question thy existence as thy faithfulness: as sure as thou art, thou art just and true. The protestations of the most faithful friend I have, cannot give me half the consolation that thy promises give me. I hear vain man with diffidence, I bid my soul beware of trusting false mortality; but I hear thy voice with joy and full assurance.

Thy words are not writ in sand, nor scattered by the fleeting wind; but shall stand in force when heaven and earth shall be no more. Eternal ages shall not diminish their efficacy, nor alter what the mouth of the Lord hath spoken. I believe, I believe with the most perfect assent: I know that "thou art, and that thou art a rewarder of them that diligently seek thee:" I feel the evidence, for thou hast not left thyself without a witness on my heart.

III. LONGING after the ENJOYMENTS of GOD.

MY God, to thee my sighs ascend, every complaint I make, ends with thy name, I pause, I dwell on the sound, I speak it over again, and

And that all my cares begin and end in thee. I long to behold the supreme beauty, I pant for the fair original of all that is lovely, for beauty that is yet unknown, and for intellectual pleasure yet untasted.

My heart aspires, my wishes fly beyond the bounds of creation, and despise all that mortality can present me with. I was formed for celestial joys, and find myself capable of the entertainments of angels. Why may I not begin my heaven below, and taste at least of the springs of pleasure that flow from thy right-hand for ever?

Should I drink my fill, those fountains are still exhaustless: millions of happy souls quench their infinite desires there: millions of happy orders of beings gaze on thy beauty, and are made partakers of thy blessedness: but thou art still undiminished. No liberality can waste the store of thy perfection; it has flowed from eternity, and runs for ever fresh, and why must I perish for want?

My thirsty soul pines for the water of life: Oh! who will refresh me with the pleasurable draught? How long shall I wander in this desert land, where every prospect is waste and barren? I look round me in vain, and sigh still unsatisfied: Oh! who will lead me to the still waters, and make me repose in green pastures, where the weary are for ever at rest? How tedious are hours of expectation!

Come, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
While thou dost ever, ever stay;
Thy long, desiring wounds me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day:

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● DEVOUT EXERCISES.

O shew thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee.

Dispatch thy commissions; give me my work,
and activity to perform it, and let me as a hireling
fulfil my day. Lord, it is enough: "What am I
" better than my fathers?" they are dead; and I
am mortal.

I'm but a stranger and a pilgrim here.
In these wild regions wand'ring and forlorn;
Restless and sighing for my native home,
Longing to reach my weary space of life,
And to fulfil my task. Oh! haste the hour
Of joy and sweet repose. Transporting hopes!

Lord, here I am waiting for thy commands, at-
tending thy pleasure; O speak and incline my ear
to hear; give me my work, let me finish it, and
gain my dismissal from this body of sin and death;
this hated clog of error and guilt, of corruption and
vanity. Oh! let me drop this load, and bid these
scenes of guilt a final adieu.

"I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord;"
when wilt thou let me into thy holy habitation?
How long shall I pine at this distance from thee?
What can I speak to shew thee my pain, to utter
my anguish, when I fear the loss of my God? Oh!
speak an assuring word, and confirm my hope.

Transporting moment! when wilt thou appear,
To crown my hopes and banish all my fear?

Again, O my Father, and my eternal Friend, I
reache out my requests to thee in this land of sa-
luge and folly ! What is this life but a sorry tire-
some round, a circle of repeated vanities ? Happiness
as never been seen in it since sin and folly entered ;
It is empty appearance or vain labour, or painfull
exaction.

Justic'd with life, my languid spirits faint,
And fain would be at rest. Oh ! let me enter
Those sacred seats, and after all the toil
Of life, begin an everlasting sabbath.

Yet again, O lord, I ask leave to tell thee, I have
“waited for thy salvation,” and hourly languished
after the habitations of my God. My heart grows
sick, and I almost expire under these delays. What
have I here to keep me from thee ? What to relieve
the tedious hours of absence ? I have pronounced
all below the sun, vanity and vexation ; all insipid
and burdensome. Amidst health and plenty, friends
and reputation, thou art my only joy, my highest
will, and my supreme delight. On thee my soul
fixes all her hopes ; there I rest in a celestial calm !
Oh ! let it not be broken with earthly objects : let
me live unmolested with the cares or delights of
sense.

Oh ! let me flee
From all the world, and live alone to thee.

“ DEVOUT EXERCISES

IV. GOD my SUPREME and my ONLY HOPE.

WHY do I address thee, my God, with no more confidence ? Why do I indulge these remains of unbelief, and harbour these returns of infidelity and distrust ? Can I survey the earth, can I gaze on the structure of the heavens, and ask if thou art able to deliver ? Can I call in question thy ability to succour me, when I consider the general and particular instances of thy goodness and power ? One age to another, in long succession, hath conveyed the records of thy glory ; “ In all generations “ thou hast been our dwelling-place, my father “ trusted in thee, and were delivered.” They have encouraged me, my own experience has encouraged me to trust in thee for ever.

The Sun may fail to rise, and men in vain expect its light ; but thy truth ; thy faithfulness cannot fail : the course of nature may be reversed, and all be chaos again ; but thou art immutable, and cannot by any change deceive the hopes of them that trust in thee. I adore the power, and subscribe to thy goodness and fidelity, and what farther objection would my unbelief raise ? Is any thing too hard for God to accomplish ? Can the united force of earth and hell resist his will ?

Great God, how wide thy glories shine !
How broad thy kingdom, how divine ! [thine, }
Nature, and miracles, and fate, and chance are

Therefore I apply myself immediately to thee

and renounce all the terror and all the confidence
that may arise from heaven or earth besides.

Not from the dust my joys or sorrows spring :

Let all the baleful planets shed

Their mingled curses round my head ;

Their mingled curses I despise,

Let but the great, th' eternal king,

Look through the clouds, and blefs me with
his eyes.

Let him blefs me, and I shall be blessed ; blessed
without reserve or limitation ; blessed in my going
out, and coming in ; in my sitting down and rising
up ; blessed in time, and blessed to all eternity.
That blessing from thy lips, will influence the whole
creation, and attend me where-ever I am. It shall
go before me as a leading light, and follow me as
my protecting angel. When I lie down it will co-
ver me, I shall rest beneath the shadow of the Most
High, and dwell safely in the secrets of his taber-
nacle.

Thy kingdom ruleth over all, O Lord, and thou
dost according to thy will in the armies of heaven,
and among the inhabitants of the earth." I confess
and acknowledge thy providence. "The ways of
man are not at his own disposal, but all his goings
are ordered by thee : all events are in thy hands,
and thou only canst succeed or disappoint his hopes.
If thou blow on his designs, they are for ever blast-
ed ; if thou blefs them, neither earth nor hell can
hinder their success : therefore I apply myself im-
mediately to thee ; for not all created power can as-
sist me without thee.

Hence

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Hence from my heart ye idols, flee,
Ye sounding names of vanity !
No more my tongue shall sacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies.
Creatures without a God, can yield me no supplics.

Not all the power of men on earth, nor angels
nor faint in heaven, can hold or relieve me in the
least exigence, if my God hide himself and stand afar
off from me. Second causes are all at thy direction,
and cannot aid me till commissioned by thee.

Lord, when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air and earth, and stars and seas,

I call them all thy slaves;
Commission'd by my father's will,
Poison shall cure, and balms shall kill;
Vernal fairs or zephyrs breath
May burn or blast the plants to death

That sharp *December* saves.

What can winds or planets boast;

But a precarious power ?

The sun is all in darkness lost ;

Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,

When he appoints the hour.

At thy command nature and necessity are no more
all things are alike easy to God ; speak thou but the
word, and my desires are granted ; say, " Let there
be light," and there shall be light. Thou canst look
me into peace, when the tumults of thought raise

form within. Bid my soul be still and all its temptest shall obey thee.

I depend only on thee; do thou smile and all the world may frown; do thou succeed my affairs, and shall fear no obstacle that earth or hell can put in my way. Thou only art the object of my fear, and all my desires are directed to thee.

Human things have lost their being and their names, and vanish into nothing before thee; they are but shades and disguises to veil the active divinity. Oh! let me break through all these separations, and see and confess the great, the governing cause. Let no appearance of created things, however specious, hide thee from my view; let me look through all to thee, nor cast a glance of love and hope below thee. With a holy contempt let me survey the ample round of the creation, as lying in the hollow of thy hand, and every being in heaven and on earth as unmoveable by the most potent cause in nature, till commissioned by thee to do good or hurt. Oh! let thy hand be with me to keep me from evil, and let me abide under the shadow of the Almighty; I shall be secure in thy pavilion. O thee I fly for shelter from all the ills of mortality.

V. GOD a PRESENT HELP and EVER NEAR.

THOU wast found of me, O my God, when I sought thee not, and wilt thou fly me when I seek thee? Am I giving my breath to the wind, and scattering my petitions in the air? Is it a vain thing to call upon God, and is there no profit in saying to the Almighty? "Art thou a God afar

D

" off,

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“ off, and not near at hand ?” Is there any place exempt from thy presence ? Any distance whence my cries cannot reach thee ? Can any darkness hide me from thy eyes ? or, is there a corner of the creation unvisited by thee ? Dost thou not fill heaven and earth, and am I not surrounded by thy immensity ?

Are my desires unknown to thee ? or is there any thought in my heart concealed from thee ? Dost thou not that hast formed the ear, hear ? Canst thou forget the works of thine own hands ? or retired from the heavens, full of thine own happiness, canst thou leave thy creation to misery and disorder, helpless and hopeless ? Are the ways of man at his own disposal and his paths undirected by thee ? Is calling on the living God no more than worshipping a dumb idol ? Canst thou, like them, disappoint and mock thy adorers ?

Art thou unacquainted with the extent of thy own power, that thou shouldst promise beyond thy ability to perform ? Or art thou “ as a man that thou shouldst lie, or the son of man that thou shouldst repent ?” Is thy faithfulness uncertain, and thy power, precarious ? Are those perfections imaginary for which men adore thee, and thy gracious name insignificant titles ? Do the “ children of men in vain ” put their trust under the shadow of thy wings ? and is there no security in the secret places of the Most High ? Whither then shall I look in my distress ? To whom shall I direct my prayer ? From whom shall I expect relief, if there is no help in God for me ?

But, Oh ! what unrighteousness have my father ever found in thee ? What injustice can I charge

ee with ? What breach of truth or want of pity ?
ave the records of thy actions ever been stained with
e breach of faithfulness ? Art thou not my only
ope, and my long experienced support ? Have I
er found help from the creatures when thou hast
lled me ? Have I or can I have, a greater certain-
than thy word to depend on ? Can any other
ower defend or deliver like thee ? Thou art “ a
rock, and thy works are perfect, for all thy ways
are judgment : a God of truth, and without ini-
quity, just and right art thou.” With my last
eath I will witness to thy truth and faithfulness,
nd declare thy goodness to the children of men.

**I. GOD AN ALL-SUFFICIENT GOOD, and MY
ONLY HAPPINESS.**

WH Y is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight ?

Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night ?

Why should my foolish passions rove ?

Where can such sweetness be

As I have tasted in thy love,

As I have found in thee ?

Where can I hope to meet such joys as thy smiles
ave given me ? Where can I find pleasure so sin-
ere and unallayed ? When I have enjoyed the light
f thy countenance, and the sense of thy love, has
ot all my soul been filled ? Have I found any want
emptiness ? Has there been any room left for
e ; or any prospect beyond, besides the more

perfect enjoyment of God? Have not all the glories of the world been darkened, and turned into blackness and deformity? How poor, how contemptible have they appeared? or rather have they not all disappeared, and vanished, as dreams and shadows in the noon of day, and under the blaze of the sunbeams.

I have never found satisfaction in any thing but in God; why then do I wander from him? Why do I leave the fountain of living waters for broken cisterns? Why do I abandon the full ocean in fear of shallow streams? What account can I give so folly like this? I can promise myself nothing from the creature: those expectations shall deceive me no more. 'Tis thou, my God, thou art the only object of my hopes and desires; 'tis thou only that can make me happy.

If thou frown, my being is a curse: thy indignation is hell with all its terrors. Let me never see that, and I defy all things else to make me miserable. I seem independent on all nature, to thee only I apply myself. Hear me, thou beneficent Author of my being, thou support of my life, to thee I direct my wishes, those desires which thou wilt approve, while I ask but the happiness I was created to enjoy. Oh! fix all my expectation on thee, and free me from this levity and inconstancy.

Look gently down, almighty grace,
Prison me round in thy embrace;
Pity the heart that would be thine,
And let thy power my love confine.

Suffer me never to part from thee; such a confinement were sweeter than liberty; "thy yoke is easy and thy burden light." I shall bless the chain that binds me to thee. Oh! give me such a view of thy beauty as shall fix my volatile heart for ever; such a view as shall determine all its motions, and be a constant conviction how unreasonable it is to wander from thee.

Is it that I relish any thing beyond thy love? Oh! no. I appeal even to thee, who canst not be deceived, and knowest the inmost secrets of my soul: thou knowest where the balance of my love falls, and that my wanderings are not deliberate: that 'tis not by choice that I forsake thee. I grieve, I sigh for myself; shouldst thou forgive me, I can never forgive myself, for I know 'tis inexcusable.

I want nothing when I am possessed of thee; without thee I want all things. Thou art the centre of all my passions; I have no hope but what is thine, no joy but what flows from thee; my greatest fears are those of losing thee; my utmost care is to secure thy favour. This is the subject of my deepest anxiety: every sigh I breathe ends in thy name, and that sacred name alone allays every anguish of my soul, and calms its wildest tempests.

From thy frowns or favour all my joys or sorrows spring; thy frowns can make me infinitely miserable, thy favour can make me infinitely blessed. I can fly hell, and smile in the face of death, whilst I can call thee *mine*. My God! still let me bless thee and, and part with all things rather than renounce thy property in thee; let me hold it to my last breath, and claim it with my expiring sighs.

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Secure of thee nothing can terrify my soul : all is peaceful and serene within ; eternal love and immortal pleasure : I desire no more ; imagination stop here, and all my wishes are lost in eternal plenty.— My God ! more cannot be asked, and with less I should be infinitely miserable. The kingdoms of the skies should not buy my title to thee and thy love ; the blessedness of all creatures is complete here, for God himself is blessed in himself for ever.

What can I add ? for all my words are faint,
Celestial love no eloquence can paint ;
No more can be in mortal sounds express'd.
But vast eternity shall tell the rest.

VII. A COVENANT with GOD.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE Being, who “searchest
“the heart, and triest the reins of the children
“of men,” thou knowest my sincerity, and my
thoughts are all unveiled to thee ; I am surrounded
with thine immensity ; thou art a present tho’ invisible
witness of the solemn affair I am now engaged
in. I am now “taking hold of thy strength, that I
“may make peace with thee,” and entering into ar-
ticles with the almighty God : these are the happy
days long since predicted, when “one shall say I am
“the Lord’s, and another shall call himself by the
“name of *Israel*, and another shall subscribe with his
“hand to the Lord ; and I will be their God, and
“they shall be my sons and my daughters, saith the
“Lord *Yehovah*.”

With the most thankful sincerity I take hold on this covenant, as it is more fully manifested and explained in the gospel by Jesus Christ; and humbly accepting thy proposals, I bind myself to thee by a sacred and everlasting obligation. By a free and deliberate action, I do here ratify the articles which were made for me in my baptism in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; I religiously devote myself to thy service, and entirely submit to thy conduct. I renounce the glories and vanities of the world, and chuse thee as my happiness, my supreme felicity and everlasting portion. I make no article with thee for any thing besides: deny or give me what thou wilt, I will never repine while my principal treasure is secure. This is my deliberate, my free and sincere determination; a determination, which, by thy grace, I will never retract.

Oh! thou, by whose power alone I shall be able to stand, “put thy fear in my heart, that I may never depart from thee;” let not the world with all its flatteries; nor death, nor hell, with all their terrors force me to violate this sacred vow. Oh! let me never live to abandon thee, nor draw the impious breath, that would deny thee.

And now let surrounding angels witness for me that I solemnly devote all the powers and faculties of my soul to thy service; and when I presumptuously employ any of the advantages thou hast given me, to thy dishonour, let them testify against me, and let my own words condemn me,

ELIZABETH ROWE.

Thus have I subscribed to the gracious proposals, and engaged myself to be the Lord's: and now let
the

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the malice of men, and the rage of devils, combine against me, I can defy all their stratagems; for God himself is become my friend, Jesus is my all-sufficient Saviour, and the *Spirit of God*, I trust, will be my Sanctifier and my Comforter.

O happy day! transporting moment! the brightest period of my life! heaven with all its light smiles on thee: what glorious mortal can now excite my envy? what scene to tempt my ambition could the whole creation display? Let glory call me with her exalted voice! Let pleasure, with a softer eloquence, allure me! The world in all its splendor appears but a trifle, while the infinite God is my portion. He is mine by as sure a title as eternal veracity can confer: the right is unquestionable, the conveyance unalterable, the mountains shall be removed, and the hills be dissolved, before the everlasting obligation shall be cancelled.

VIII. A THANK-OFFERING for SAVING GRACE.

“BLESS the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name; bless the Lord, and forget not all his benefits, who redeemed thy life from destruction, and crowned thee with loving-kindness, and tender mercy;” who brought thee out of the mire and clay, and set thy feet upon a rock; who broke thy fetters, and freed thee from the miserable bondage of sin. I lay, a wretched slave, pleased with my chains, and fond of my captivity, fatally deluded and undone, till love, almighty love, rescued me. Blest effect of unmerited grace! I shall stand for ever an illustrious instance of boundless mercy: to that I must entirely ascribe my salvation.

tion, and through all the ages of eternity, I'll rehearse the wonders of redeeming love, and tell to listening angels what it has done for my soul.

I'll sing the endless miracles of love ;

For ever that my lofty theme shall prove.

My glorious Creator, why did I employ thy thought before I had a being ? Why from all eternity was an immortality designed me, and my birth allotted me in a laud illuminated with the rays of sacred light ? I might have been invoking the powers of hell with detestable ceremonies, instead of adoring the omnipotent God. But when thousands are lost in these delusions, why am I thus graciously distinguished ? Instead of being born among the shameful vices of impious parents, and an heir to their curses, why am I entitled to the blessing of religious ancestors ? Why, when I was incapable of choice, was I devoted to the God that " keeps covenant and mercy to a thousand generations of them that fear him ?"

Why, when I knew thee not, didst thou sustain me ? But Oh ! why, when I knew thee, and rebelled against thee, why didst thou so long suffer my ingratitude ? Why did thy watchful providence perpetually surround me, crossing all the methods I took to undo myself ? Why was I not curst with my own wishes, and left to the quiet possession of those vanities I delighted in ? those toys which I foolishly preferred to all the treasures of thy love ? Why didst thou pursue me with the offers of thy favour when I fled thee with such aversion ; and hadst fled thee for ever, if thou hadst not compelled me to return ?

Why

Why did thy Spirit strive so long with an obstinate heart, which resisted all its motions, and turned thy patience and long-suffering into provocation and guilt? Why am I not undone by those pleasing snares in which I have seen so many deluded wretches perish? Like them I despised the unsearchable riches of thy grace; with them I had been content to share the sorry portion and pleasures of this world, if thou hadst let me alone, and I should never have enquired after thee; but why wait thou found of one that sought thee not? O why but “because thou wilt be merciful to whom thou wilt be merciful?”

Therefore again with astonishment and delight I look back on the methods of thy grace; and again I consider myself lost in an abyss of sin and misery; when there was no eye to pity me, no hand but thine to assist me, thou madest it then the time of love. Never was grace more free and surprising than thine is; never was there a more obstinate heart than mine; and never such unconquerable love as thine. How gloriously has it triumphed over my rebellious faculties? How freely has it cancelled all my guilt?

Could I have made the least pretence to merit, or have challenged any thing from thee, the benefit had been less exalted; had there been any foundation for human pride, my corrupt heart would soon have taken the advantage, and robbed thee of thy honour by ascribing the glorious work to the strength of my own reason, or a natural tendency to virtue; but here my vanity is for ever silenced. I am lost in the boundless abyss. O height! O depth! O length and breadth immeasurable! “How unsearchable art

"thy ways," Almighty Love, "and thy paths pass
"finding out?"

Let me here begin my eternal song, and ascribe
"salvation and honour," dominion and majesty, "to
"him that sits on the throne, and to the Lamb for
"ever," who has loved me, and ransomed me with
his blood; ransomed me from a voluntary bondage,
from the most vile and hopeless captivity, a captivi-
ty from which nothing but that invaluable purchase
could have redeemed me.

"Infinite love! Almighty grace!

"Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies;

Bring hither your celestial harps, ye beneficent
beings, who amidst the height of your happiness ex-
press a kind regard for man: teach me the lan-
guage of Paradise, the strains of immortality. But
Oh! 'tis all too feeble, the tongues of seraphims can-
not utter what I owe my Redeemer: from what
misery, my adorable Saviour, hast thou rescued me?
from error, from sin, from snares and death, from
infernal chains, eternal horror, and the blackness of
darkness for ever?

Nor here my glorious benefactor stay'd; but still
went on to magnify the riches of his grace, and
granted me to an endless inheritance, and an im-
mortal crown; to the fruition of God, and the un-
utterable joys that flow from his presence.

Mysterious depths of boundless love

My admiration raise;

O God, thy name exalted stands

Above all earthly praise.

IX. EVIDENCES

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IX. EVIDENCES OF SINCERE LOVE to GOD.

IF I love thee not, my blessed God, I know not what I love: if I am uncertain of this, I am uncertain of my existence: if I love thee not, what is the meaning of these pathetic expressions, My God, My ALL! thou spring of my life, and fountain of my happiness! my great reward, and my exceeding joy; the eternal object of my love, and supreme felicity of my nature. Does not my heart attend my lips in all this language? How can this be, if my soul does not love thee?

O my God, if I love thee not, what is the meaning of this constant uneasiness at thy absence? From whence proceeds this painful anxiety of mind about thy love, and all these intense, these restless desires after thee? Why are all these satisfactions of life insipid without thee? Without my God what are riches, and honours and pleasures to me? I should esteem the possession of the world but a trifle, or rather my eternal damage, if it must be purchased with the loss of thy favour. Thy benignity is better than life, and the moments in which I enjoy a sense of thy love, are the only happy intervals of my life. 'Tis then I live; 'tis then I am truly blessed: 'tis then I look down with contempt on the little amusements of the world, and pity them that want a taste for these exalted pleasures.

How calm, how peaceful in those seasons are all the regions of my soul! I have enough, I ask no more. Can they languish for the stream, who drink at the overflowing fountain? I have all the world and more, I have heaven itself in thee: in thee

in completely and securely blessed, and can defy the malice of earth and hell to shake the foundation of my happiness, whilst thou dost whisper thy love to my soul. O blessed stability of heart! O sublimity of satisfaction! Hast thou not told me that thou art mine by an inviolable engagement, when my soul devoted itself to thee? Does not thy words assure me, "that mountains shall depart, and hills be removed; but thy kindness shall not depart, nor the covenant of thy peace be broken?"

Hast thou not terminated my wishes, O Lord, in myself, and fixed my wandering desires? Is it for riches or honour, for length of days, or pleasure, that I follow thee with daily importunities? Thou knowest these are not the subject of my restless petitions: O I ever balance these toys with thy favour? Oh thou: one smile of thine obscures all their glory. When thou dost bless my retired devotions with thy presence, I can wink all created beauty into blackness. When I meet thee in my solitary contemplations, with what contempt do I look back on the lessening world?

How dazzling is thy beauty! how divine!

How dim the lustre of the world to thine!

How dull are its entertainments to the pleasure
conversing with thee? Oh stay, in those happy
moments, cries my satisfied soul.

Stay, my beloved, with me here;

Stay till the morning star appear:

Stay till the dusky shadows fly

Before the day's illustrious eye.

E

Oh!

26. DEVOUT EXERCISES

Oh! stay till the gloomy night of life is past, and eternity dawn on my soul. There's nothing in the barren place to entertain me when thou art gone; can relish nothing below after these celestial banquet.

If I love thee not what's the meaning of this impatience to be with thee? "My soul longeth, ye fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; when shall I come and appear before thee? Oh! that I had the wings of a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest."

X. ASSURANCES of SALVATION in CHRIST JESUS.

I HAVE put my treasure, my immortal part, in to thy hands, Oh, my dear Redeemer, and shall the prey be taken from the mighty? Shall a soul consecrated to thee fall a sacrifice to hell?

Blessed God, am I not thine? And shall the temple of thy spirit be profaned, and the lips that have so often ascribed dominion, and glory and majesty to thee, be defiled with infernal blasphemy, and the execrations of the damned? Shall the sparks of the vine love be extinguished, and immortal enmity succeed? And shall I, who was once blessed with thy favour, become the object of thy wrath and indignation? Shall all the mighty things thou hast done for my soul be forgotten? Shall all my vows, and thy own sacred engagements be cancelled? 'Tis impossible; for "thou art not as man, that thou shouldst lie; nor as the son of man, that thou shouldst repent."

Thou art engaged by thy own tremendous name
or my security: my God, and my father's God,
from generation to generation thou hast been our
dwelling-place. I was devoted to thee in baptism
by the solemn vows of my religious parents: my in-
fant hands were early lifted up to thee, and I soon
learned to know and acknowledge the God of my
fathers. I have actually subscribed with my hand
to the Lord, and am thine by the most voluntary
and deliberate obligations. The portion of Jacob is
my joyful choice, nor need I fear losing it, while
thy word is established as the heavens.

The Lord, who made heaven, earth, and sea,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

Were my dependance on myself, I were undone:
The first temptation would shake my resolutions; I
could sell the inestimable riches of thy love for a
trifle, and fool away immortal pleasures for the joys
of a moment; a specious delusion would seduce me
from all my hopes of a glorious futurity, I shall fall
victim to my own folly, and must inevitably perish
thou forsake me: but the Strength of Israel is my
hope, the Mighty One of Jacob my defence.

Thou art the Rock of ages; the fixed and immu-
table Divinity is my high tower, and my refuge, my
redeemer, and almighty Saviour. These were the
titles, the glorious titles by which thou didst at
first assure my doubtful soul: these were the tran-
scending names I knew and called thee by; and thou

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hast answered them through all the changes of my life.

I was thy early care; thou didst support my helpless infancy, and art the watchful guide to my unsteady youth. Which way soever I turn, I meet thy mercy, and trace thy providence; and as long as I live, I will record thy benefits, and depend on thy truth; those benefits which have constantly pursued me and is engaged never to abandon me. Transferring assurance! What further security can I ask? What security can I wish beyond eternal veracity? "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but thy kindness shall not depart, nor the covenant of thy peace be broken;" that covenant which has been sealed by the blood of the Son of God, and in that holy sacrament I have received the pledges of thy love. Thou didst graciously invite me into that communion, and meet me there with the most unmerited favour.

Fear not, say'it thou, poor trembling soul, for I am thy Redeemer and thy mighty Saviour, the hope of Israel, and in my name shall all the nations of the earth be blessed: "I am gracious and merciful," long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth:" These are the titles by which I have revealed myself to men, I came the expected Messiah, the star of Jacob, and the glory of the Gentiles. I came from the fulness of ineffable glory, in the form of man, to redeem the race of Adam. I am willing and able to save, and "whosoever comes to me, I will in no wise cast him away." Fear not, I had kind designs towards thee from eternity: and by these visible signs of my body and blood, I seal

my love to thy soul: take here the pledges of heaven, the assurances of everlasting happiness.

'Tis enough, replied my transported soul; divide the world as thou wilt, let others unenvy'd share its glory; thy love is all I crave. I am blest'd with that assurance, I am surrounded with the joys of Paradise; every place is a heaven, while my beloved is mine, and I am his.

If all the monarchs, whose command supreme

Divides the wide dominion of this ball,

Should offer each his boasted diadem,

I would not quit thy favour for them all:

These trifles with contempt I would resign;

The world's a toy, while I can call thee mine.

Let God and angels witness for me, that I renounce the world, and chuse thy love as my portion; witness that I sacrifice my darling sins to thee, and from this moment solemnly devote myself to thy service.

Thus did I engage myself to be the Lord's, and thus didst thou graciously condescend to seal the privileges of a new covenant to my soul, and O let the solemn transaction never be forgotten, let it be writ in the volumes of eternity; let it be engraved in the books of unalterable destiny: there let the sacred articles stand recorded, and be had in everlasting remembrance.

XI. THOU art my GOD.

O GOD, thou art my God; thou art thy own blessedness, the centre of thy own desires, and the boundless spring of thy own happiness. Thou art immutably and infinitely perfect, and therein consists thy blessedness and glory: But that “*thou art my God,*” ’tis from thence flows all my consolation; this glorious privilege is my dignity and boast, “*Thou art my God, and I will praise thee; my father’s God, and I will exalt thee; the Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted. Thy benignity is better than life, therefore my lips shall praise thee.*”

I have all things in possessing thee; I find no want, no emptiness within; my wishes are answered, and all my desires appeased, when I believe myself title to thy favour secure. Whatever tempests arise, whatever darkness surrounds me, yet “*thou art my God;*” I cry, and the storms are appeased, and the darkness vanishes. I find my expectations from the world disappointed, my friends false, and human dependence vain; but still “*thou art my God,*” my unshaking confidence, my rock, my everlasting inheritance. Death and hell level their darts against me; but with a heavenly tranquillity I cry, “*Thou art my God;* I dwell on high, my place of defence “*is the munition of rocks.*”

My hiding-place, my refuge, tower
And shield, art thou, O Lord:
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

While thou art mine, what can I fear ? Can omnipotence be vanquished ? can almighty strength be opposed ? When it can, then, and not till then, shall I want security : then, and not till then, shall my confidence be shaken, and my hopes confounded.

“ Thou art my God : ” Let me again repeat the glorious accents, and hear the pleasurable sounds. Let me a thousand and a thousand times repeat it ; tis rapture all, and harmony : the harps of angels and their tongues, what notes more melodious could they sing or play : What but these transporting words give the emphasis to all their joys ? On this they dwell, ’tis their eternal theme, “ Thou art my God.” Like me every seraph boasts the glorious propriety, and owes his happiness to those important words : in them unbounded joy is comprehended, paradise itself, all heaven is here described ; all that is possible to be uttered of celestial blessedness is here contained.

My God, my all-sufficient good,

My portion and my choice ;

In thee my vast desires are fill’d,

And all my powers rejoice.

My God, my triumph, and my glory, let others boast of what they will, and pride themselves in human securities : let them place their confidence in their wealth, their honour, and their numerous friends : I renounce all earthly dependance, and glory only in my God.

FROM

From him alone my joys shall rise
 And run eternal rounds,
 Beyond the limits of the skies
 And all created bounds.

When death shall remove all other supports, and force me to quit my title to the dearest names below, in “my God” I shall have an unchangeable propriety: that engagement shall remain firm, when I shall lose my hold of all other enjoyments; when all human things vanish with an everlasting flight, I shall bid them a joyful adieu, and breathe out my soul with this triumphant exclamation, “thou art my God,” my inheritance, my eternal possession: nor death nor hell shall ever separate me from thy love.

“Thou art my God” Let me survey the extent of my blessedness: let me take a prospect of my vast possession: let me consider its dimensions; O height O length and breadth immeasurable! I have all that is worth the possessing; “thou art my God.”

But what have I uttered? Is mortality permitted to speak these daring words? can the race of man make such glorious pretensions? Thou thyself canst give no more; thou that art thy own happiness, and the spring of joy to all thy creatures; with thee are the fountains of pleasure, and in thy presence is fulness of joy: immortal life and happiness flow from thee, and they are necessarily blessed who are surrounded with thy favour; thou art their God, and “thou art my God” to everlasting ages.

ash flies with all the charms it has in store,
as snares and gay temptations are no more;
Creatures no more in enity can boast
The streams, the hills, and tow'ring groves are lost,
The sun, the stars, and all the fields of light
Withdraw, and now are vanish'd from my sight;
And God is all in all.

XII. CONFESSION of SIN, with HOPE of PARDON.

BREAK, break, insensible heart ! let confusion
cover me, and darkness, black as my own guilt,
surround me. Lord, what a monster am I become?
How hateful to myself for offending thee? How
much more detestable to thee, to thee, against whom
I have offended? Why have I provoked the God on
whom my being every moment depends? The God,
who out of nothing advanced me to a reasonable and
immortal nature, and put me in a capacity of being
happy for ever? The God whose goodness has run
parallel with my life; who has preserved me in a
thousand dangers, and kept me even from the ruin
I courted, and even while I repined at the providence
that saved me.

How often has he recovered me from eternal mi-
sery, and brought me back from the very borders of
hell, when there was but a dying groan between,
but one faint sigh between me and everlasting per-
dition? When all human help failed, and my mourn-
ful friends were taking their last farewells; when
every smiling hope forsook me, and the horrors of
death surrounded me, to God I cried from the
depths of misery and despair; I cried, and he was
mercated, and rescued my life from destruction; he

“ brought

“brought me out of the miry clay, and set my feet
“upon a rock.” A thousand instances of thy goodness could I recount, and all to my own confusion.

Could I consider thee as my enemy, I might forgive myself; but when I consider thee as my best friend, my tender father, the sustainer of my life, and author of my happiness, good God! what monstrous thing do I appear, who have sinned against thee? Could I charge thee with severity, or call thy laws rigorous and unjust, I had some excuse, but I am silenced thereby the conviction of my own reason, which assents to all thy precepts as just and holy. But to heighten my guilt, I have violated the sacred rules I approve: I have provoked the justice I fear, and offended the purity I adore.

Yet still there are higher aggravations of my iniquity, and what gives the utmost confusion is, that I have sinned against unbounded love and goodness: horrid ingratitude? here lies the emphasis of my folly and misery; the sense of this torments me, can I not say, as much as the dread of hell, or the fear of losing heaven? Thy love and tender compassion, the late pleasing subjects of my thoughts, are on this account become my terror. The titles of an enemy and a judge scarce sound more painful to my ears, than those of a friend and a benefactor, which so shamefully enhance my guilt: those sacred names confound and terrify my soul, because they furnish my conscience with the most exquisite reproaches: the thoughts of such goodness abused, and such clemency affronted, seem to me almost as unsupportable, as those of thy wrath and severity.

O whither shall I turn? I dare not look upward, the sun and stars upbraid me there; if I look down

ard, the fields and fountains take their Creator's part, and heaven and earth conspire to aggravate my sin: those common blessings tell me how much I am indebted to thy bounty: but, Lord, when I recollect thy particular favours, I am utterly confounded; what numerous instances could I recount? Nor as my rebellion yet shut up the fountain of thy grace; for yet I breathe, and yet I live, and live to explore a pardon: heaven is still open, and the throne of God accessible. But oh! with what confidence can I approach it? what motives can I urge, but such as carry my own condemnation in them.

Shall I urge thy former pity and indulgence? this were to plead against myself: and yet thy clemency, that clemency, which I have abused, is the best argument I can bring; thy grace and clemency as recorded in Jesus, the Son of thy love, the blessed reconciler of God to man.

O whither has my folly reduced me? With what words shall I chuse to address me? "Pardon my iniquity, O Lord, for it is great:" surprizing argument: yet this will magnify thy goodness, and hold me an eternal theme to praise thee: 'I will add emphasis to all my grateful songs, and tune my voice up to everlasting harmony. The ransom of the Lord shall join with me, while this glorious instance of thy grace excites their wonder, and my unbounded gratitude; thus shall thy glory be exalted.

O LORD GOD, permit a poor worthless creature plead a little with thee; What profit, what triumph to the Almighty will my perdition be? Merit is thy brightest attribute; this gives thee all thy greatness, and completes thy beauty. By names of goodness and indulgences thou hast chosen to reveal thyself

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thyself to men; by titles of the most tender import thou hast made thyself known to my soul; title which thou dost not yet disdain, but are still compassionate and ready to pardon.

But that thou hast or wilt forgive me, O my God aggravates my guilt. And wilt thou indeed forgive me? Wilt thou remit the gloomy score, and restore the privilege I have forfeited? Wondrous love! Astonishing benignity! let me never live to repeat my ingratitude; let me never live to break my penitential vows; let me die ere that unhappy moment arrive.

XIII. THE ABSENCE OF GOD ON EARTH.

WHAT is hell, what is damnation, but an exclusion from thy presence? 'Tis the want of that which gives the regions of darkness all their horror. What is heaven, what are the satisfaction of angels, but the views of thy glory; what but thy smiles and complacence are the springs of their immortal transports?

Without the light of thy countenance, what privilege is my being? What canst thou thyself give me to countervail the infinite loss; Could the riches, the empty glories, and insipid pleasures of the world recompence me for it? Ah! no. Not all the variety of the creation could satisfy me while I am deprived of thee: let the ambitious, the licentious and covetous, share these trifles among themselves; they are no amusements for my dejected thoughts.

There was a time (but ah! that happy time is past, those blissful minutes gone) when with a modest assurance I could call thee "my father, my de-

"mighty

mighty friend, my defence, my hope, and my exceeding great reward ;” but those glorious advantages are lost, those ravishing prospects withdrawn, and to my trembling soul thou dost no more appear as a consuming fire, an inaccessible majesty, my were judge, and my omnipotent adversary ; and no shall deliver me out of thy hands ? Where shall find a shelter from thy wrath ? What shades can ever me from thy all-seeing eye ?

One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day !
The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes :
Thro’ mid-night shades thou find’st thy way,
And in the blazing noon of day.

But will the Lord cast me off for ever ? Will he be favourable no more ? Has God indeed forgotten to be gracious ?” Will he shut out my prayer forever, and must I never behold my Maker ? Must I never meet these smiles that fill the heavenly inhabitants with unutterable joys ? those smiles which lighten the celestial region, and make everlasting above ? In vain then have these wretched eyes held the light, in vain am I endued with reason-faculties and immortal principles ; alas ! what they prove but everlasting curses, if I must never see the face of God.

Is it a dream ? or do I hear
The voice that so delights my ear ?
No, he o’er hills his steps extends,
And bounding from the cliffs descends :

F

Now

Now like a roe outrips the wind,
And leaves the panting hart behind.

“I have waited for thee as they that wait for the
“morning,” and thy returns are more welcome than
the springing day-light after the horrors of a night;
thy night is more welcome than ease to the fir-
ther than water to the thirsty, or rest to the weary tra-
veller. How undone was I without thee? In vain
while thou art absent, the world hath tried to con-
tain me; all it could offer was like jells to dys-
men, or like recreations to the damned. On the
favour alone any tranquillity depends; deprived
that, I should sigh for happiness in the midst of
paradise: “thy loving kindness is better than life
and if a taste of thy love be thus transporting, what
extasies shall I know when I drink my fill of the
streams of bliss that flow from thy right hand for-
ever: But when —

When shall this happy day of vision be?
When shall I make a near approach to thee
Be lost in love and wrapt in ecstasy?
Oh! When shall I behold thee all serene,
Without this envious cloudy veil between?
’Tis true the sacred elements * impart
Thy virtual presence to my faithful heart,
But to my sense still unreveal’d thou art.
This, tho’ a great, is an imperfect bliss,
To see a shadow for the God I wish;

* The Lord’s supper.

My soul a more exalted pitch would fly,
And view thee in the heights of majesty.

XIV. BANISHMENT from GOD for EVER.

DEPART from me, ye cursed." Oh! let me never hear thy voice pronounce those dreadful words. With what terrors would that sentence pierce my heart, while it thunders in my ears? Oh! rather speak me into my primitive nothing, and with one potent word finish my existence. To be separated from thee, and curst with immortality, who can sustain the intolerable doom?

O dreadful state of black despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love,

nor view the light of thy countenance for ever. Unutterable wo! there is no hell beyond it. Separation from God is the depth of misery. Blackness of darkness, and eternal night must necessarily involve a soul excluded from thy presence. What life, what joy, what hope is to be found where thou art not? I want words to paint my thoughts of that dismal state. Oh! let me never be reserved for that dreadful experience! rather let loose thy wrath, and in a moment reduce me into nothing.

"Depart from thee! O! whither should I go from thee! Into utter darkness?" That makes no addition at all to the wretch's misery that's banish'd from thy face. After that fearful doom, I should without constraint seek out shades as dark as hell,

being most agreeable to my own despair, and in the horrors of eternal night bewail the infinite loss.

The remembrance of that lost happiness would render celestial day insufferable. The light of paradise could not cheer me without thy favour: the songs of angels would but heighten my anguish, and torment me with a scene of bliss which I must never taste. The sight of thy favourites, and the glories of thy court, could but excite my envy, and fill me with madness, while I considered myself the object of thine eternal indignation, nor could all the harmony of heaven allay the horror of that reflection.

The groans of the damned, and the torments of infernal caverns, would better suit my grief. Then to the cries of tormented ghosts, and to the sounds of eternal tempests, I might join my wild complaints and lament the loss of infinite bliss, and curse my own folly! but all the plagues below if I might spend my present thoughts should not extort a blasphemous reflection on the divine attributes; for I knew I deserved eternal misery, and even in hell I think I should confess thy justice. Thy long experienced clemency I am sure, ought to silence my reproaches for ever, and to all eternity leave thee unblemish'd with the imputation of cruelty.

But oh! what agonies would the remembrance of thy former favour excite? What exquisite remorse would it give me to recal those happy moments when thou didst bless my retired devotions with thy presence? After I have relished those divine entertainments, how bitter would the dregs of thy wrath be! Whither would thy frowns sink me, after I have enjoyed the light of thy countenance?

If I must lose thy *favour*, oh! let me forget what that word imports, and blot for ever from my remembrance the joys that a sense of thy love has excited: let no traces of those sacred transports be left on my soul.

But must I depart from thee into everlasting fire? Double and dreadful curse! and yet unquenchable flames, and infernal chains (if I can judge in this life of such awful futurities) would be less terrible than the sense of those lost joys. That loss would endure no reflection; the review would be for ever insufferable; the ages of eternity could not diminish the exquisite regret; still it would excite new and unutterable anguish, and rack me with infinite despair.

Blessed God, pity the soul whose extremest horror is the doom of an eternal departure from thee. Draw my spirit into the holiest and the nearest union with thyself that is possible, while it dwells in this flesh, and let me here commence that delightful residence and converse with God, which neither death nor judgment shall ever destroy, nor shall a long eternity ever put a period to it.

IV. The GLORY of GOD in HIS WORKS of CREATION, PROVIDENCE, and REDEMPTION.

MY being immediately flows from thee, and should I not praise my omnipotent Maker? received the last breath I drew from thee, thou dost sustain my life this very moment, and the next depends entirely on thy pleasure. 'Tis the dignity of thy nature to know, and my happiness to praise and adore my great original. But, Oh! thou Supreme:

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of all things, how art thou to be extolled by mortal man ? “ I say to corruption, Thou art my father, “ and to the worms, ye are my brethren, my days “ are as a hand’s breadth, and my life is nothing before “ thee ; but thou art the same, and thy years never “ fail : from everlasting to everlasting thou art God, the incomprehensible, the immutable Divinity. The language of paradise, the strains of celestial eloquence, fall short of thy perfections ; the first-born sons of light lose themselves in blissful astonishment in search of thy excellencies ; even they, with silent extasy, adore thee, while thou art veiled with ineffable splendor.

The bright the blest’d Divinity is known.
And comprehended by himself alone.

Who can conceive the extent of that power, which out of nothing brought materials for a rising world, and from a gloomy chaos bid the harmonious universe appear ?

Confusion heard the voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul’d ; stood vast infinity confin’d.

At thy word the pillars of the sky were fram’d,
and its beauteous arches rais’d : thy breath kindled the stars, adorned the moon with silver rays, and gave the sun its flaming splendor. Thou didst prepare for the waters their capacious bed, and by thy power set bounds to the raging billows : by thee the valleys were clothed in their flowery pride, and the mountains crowned with groves. In all the wonderful effects of nature, we adore and confess thy power ; thou utterest thy voice in thunder, and dost scatter

by lightning abroad ; thou ridest on the wings of the wind, the mountains smoke, and the forests tremble at thy approach ; the summer and winter, the shady night, and the bright revolutions of the day, are thine :

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ; thine this universal frame :

Thus wondrous they, thyself how wondrous then !

But O ! what must thy essential majesty and beauty be, if thou art thus illustrious in thy works ? if the discoveries of thy power and wisdom are thus delightful, how transporting are the manifestations of thy goodness ? From thee every thing that lives receives its breath ; and by thee are all upheld in life. Thy providence reaches the least insect, for thou art good, and thy care extends to all thy works. Thou feedest the ravens, and dost provide the young lions their prey ; thou scatterest thy blessings with a liberal hand on the whole creation ; man, ungrateful man, eagerly partakes thy bounty. Thou causest thy rain to descend, and makest thy sun to shine on the evil and unthankful ; “ for thou art good, and thy mercy endureth for ever.”

As the Creator and Preserver of man, thou art gloriously manifest ; but oh ! how much more gloriously art thou revealed, as reconciling ungrateful enemies to thyself by the blood of thy eternal Son ? Here thy beneficence displays its brightest splendor : here thou dost fully discover thy most magnificent titles, THE LORD, THE LORD GOD, MERCIFUL AND PACIOUS, LONG-SUFFERING, AND ABUNDANT IN GOODNESS ! “ How unsearchable are thy ways,”

“ and

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"and thy paths pass finding out?" Infinite depths of love, never to be expressed by human language, and yet should man be silent, the stones themselves would speak, and the mute creation find a voice to upbraid his ungrateful folly.

XVI. LONGING for the COMING of CHRIST.

COME, LORD Jesus, come quickly: Oh! content lest my expectations faint, lest I grow weary and murmur at thy long delay. I am tired with these vanities, and the world grows every day more unenterprising and insipid; it has now lost its charm and finds my heart insensible to all its allurements. With coldness and contempt I view these transitory glories, inspired with nobler prospects and vaster expectations by faith. I see the promised land, and every day brings me nearer the possession of my heavenly inheritance. Then shall I see God and live, and face to face behold my triumphant Redeemer,

And in his favour find immortal light.

Ye hours and days, cut short your tedious flight;

Ye months and years (if such allotted be

In this detested barren world for me)

With hasty revolution roll along,

I languish with impatience to be gone.

I have nothing here to linger for; my hopes, my rest, my treasure, and my joys are all above: my soul faints for the courts of the Lord, in a dry and thirsty land, where there is no refreshment.

How long "shall I dwell in Meshech, and sojourn in the tents of Kedar?" When will the wearisome

journey

my of life be finished? When shall I reach my
 elating home, and arrive at my celestial country?
 y heart my witness are already there: I have no
 ggements to delay my farewell, nothing to detain
 e here; but wander an unacquainted pilgrim, a
 anger and desolate, far from my native regi-

My friends are gone before, and are now triumph-
 ing in the skies, secure of the conquest, possessed of
 e rewards of victory. They survey the field of
 ttle, and look back with pleasure on the distant
 anger: death and hell for ever vanquished, leave
 em in the possession of endless tranquillity and joy;
 hile I, beset with a thousand snares, and tired with
 ontinual toil, unsteadily maintain the field, till ac-
 e faith steps in, assures me of the conquest, and
 ews me the immortal crown. 'Tis faith tells me
 at "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness
 for the upright in heart:" it assures me, that "my
 Redeemer lives, and that he shall stand the last day
 on the earth; and though after my skin, worms
 destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God;
 whom I shall see for myself, and not another; and
 these eyes shall behold, though my reins be con-
 sumed within me." Amen. Even so come,
 old Jesus. This must be the language of my
 soul till thou dost appear, and these my impatient
 yearnings after thee. Till I see thy salvation
 y heart and my flesh will pine for the living
 ed.

"Grant me, O Lord, to fulfil as a hireling my
 day;" shorten the space, and let it be full of ac-
 on. 'Tis of small importance how few there are

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of these little circles of days and hours, so they are but well filled up with devotion, and with all proper duty.

XVII. SEEKING AFTER AN ABSENT GOD.

OH! let not the Lord be angry, and I who am but dust will speak; why dost thou withdraw thyself, and suffer me to pursue thee in vain? If surrounded with thy immensity, why am I thus insensible of thee? Why do I not find thee if thou art every where present? I search thee in the temple, where thou hast often met me; there I have seen the traces of thy majesty and beauty; but thou sacred visions blest my sight no more. I fear thee in my secret retirements, where I have called upon thy name, and often heard the whispers of thy voice; that celestial conversation hath often reached and raptured my soul, but I am solaced no more with those divine condescensions; I listen, but I hear those gentle sounds no more; I pine and languish but thou flyest me still; I wither in thy absence, a drooping plant for the reviving sun.

O when wilt thou scatter this melancholy darkness? When shalt the shadows flee before thee? When shall the cheerful glory of thy grace dawn upon my mind at thy approach? I shall revive in thy light; my vital spirits will confess thy presence grief and anxiety will vanish before thee, and in more joys surround my soul.

Where thou art present, heaven and happiness are full; hell and damnation fills the breast where thou art absent. While God withdraws, I am encompassed with darkness and despair; the sun and the

ine with an uncomfortable lustre; the face of my friends grow tiresome, the smiles of angels would all to cheer my languishing spirit. I grow unacquainted with tranquillity; peace and joy are empty sounds to me, and words without a meaning.

Tell me not of glory and pleasure, there are no such things without my God; while he withdraws, what delight can these trifles afford? All that amuses mankind, are but dreams of happiness, shades and fantastic appearances: what compensation can they make for an infinite good departed? All nature cannot repair my loss; heaven and earth would offer their treasures in vain! not all the kingdoms of his world, nor the thrones of archangels, could give me a recompense for an absent God.

O where can my grief find redress? Whence can I draw satisfaction when the fountain of joy seals up its streams? My sorrows are hopeless, till he return; without him my night will never see a dawn, but extend to everlasting darkness: content and joy are eternal strangers to my breast. Had I all things within the compass of creation to delight me, his owns would blast my enjoyment: unreconciled to God, my soul would be for ever at variance with itself.

Even now, while I believe thy glory hid from me but with a transient eclipse, while I wait for thy return as for the dawning day, my soul suffers incessant agonies at the delay; the minutes seem to linger, and days are lengthened into ages: but, Lord, that keener anguish should I feel, did I think thy presence had totally forsaken me; did I imagine thy glory should no more arise on my soul? My spirits all at the supposition: I cannot face the dreadful apprehensions

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apprehensions of my God for ever gone. Is it not hell in its most horrid prospect, eternal darkness, and the undying worm, infinite ruin and irreparable damage? Compared to this, what were all the plagues that earth could threaten, or hell invent? What disgrace, and poverty, and pain? What's all the mortals fear, real or imaginary evils? They are nothing compared to the terrors which the thought of losing my God excites.

O thou, who art my boundless treasure, my infinite delight, my all, my ineffable portion, can I part with thee? I may see without light, and breathe without air, sooner than be blessed without my God. Happiness separate from thee were a contradiction, an impossibility (if I dare speak it) to Omnipotence itself. I feel a flame which the most glorious creation could not satisfy; an emptiness which nothing but infinite love could fill. I must find thee, or wear myself in an eternal pursuit. Nothing shall divert me in the endless search, no obstacle shall fright me back, no allurement with-hold me, nothing shall flatter or relieve my impatience; my bliss, my heaven, my all depends on the success. Shew me where thou art, O my God, conduct me to thy presence, and let thy love consume me there forever.

XVIII. APPEALS to GOD CONCERNING the SUPREMACY of LOVE to HIM.

O GOD, when I cease to love and praise thee, let me cease to breathe and live, when I forget thee, let me forget the name of happiness, and let every pleasing idea be razed from my memory. When

thou

thou art not my supreme delight, let all things else receive me; let me grow unacquainted with peace, and seek repose in vain: let delusions mock my gayest hopes, let my desires find no satisfaction, till they be terminated all in thee. When I forget the satisfactions of thy love, O my God, let pleasure be stranger to my soul; when I prefer not that to my chiefest joy, let me be insensible of all delight; when thy benignity is not dearer to me than life, let it become my burden and my pain.

Search the inmost recesses of my heart, and if thou detect any competitor there, remove the darling enemy and blot every name but thine from my breast. Let me find nothing but emptiness in the creature, when I forsake the all-sufficient Creator: let the streams be cut off when I wander away, and abandon the fountain. Let me be destitute of assistance when I cease to rely on thee: let my lips be forever silent when they refuse to acknowledge thy benefits, and make not thee the subject of their high-praise. Let no joyful strain enter at my ears, when thy name is not the most delightful sound they convey to my heart.

I have been pronouncing heavy curses on myself, thy love be not my chief blessing; yet, O my sweetest good, my portion and my only felicity, might not go on further still, and even venture immortals in the sincerity of my love to thee? Blessed word, forgive these dangerous efforts of a mortal tongue, which are the mere outbreakings of a fervent affection. I could even dare to please all my hopes and my pretensions of future happiness, (and let not my heart deceive me) I think I could engage them all, if thou thyself, art not the object of my

G

my

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my brightest hopes, and the light of thy countenance the height of that expected happiness.

If I desire any thing in heaven or on earth in comparison of thee, I am almost ready to say, banish me as an eternal exile from the sight of paradise; even that paradise would be melancholy darkness without thee, and the obscurest corner of the creature blessed with thy presence, would be more agreeable. Oh! where could I be happy remote from thee. What imaginable good could supply thy absence. Say, O my God, do I not love thee? Shall I call the holy angels to witness? Shall I call heaven and earth to witness? Will not the most high God himself, the possessor of heaven and earth, descend to witness the ardour and sincerity of my love?

With what pleasure do I reflect on the obligation by which I have devoted myself to thee? my soul collects itself, and with an entire assent gives up its powers to thee: I would bind myself unto thee beyond all the ties that mortals know. Ye ministers of light, give me your flames, and teach me your celestial forms: lend all the noble and pious and solemn as your own immortal vows, and I will joyfully go through them all to bind myself to thee, O God, for ever. Say, now, ye heavens and earth, ye holy angels, and O thou all knowing God, dost thou not love thee?

IX. A DEVOUT RAPTURE, or LOVE to GOD
INEXPRESSIBLE.

THOU radiant sun, thou moon, and all ye sparkling stars, how gladly would I leave your pleasant light to see the face of God? Ye crystal streams, ye groves and flowery lawns, my innocent delights, how joyfully could I leave you to meet that blissful prospect! And ye delightful faces of my friends, I would this moment quit you all to see him whom my soul loves; so loves that I can find no words to express the unutterable ardour: not as the sister loves his wealth, nor the ambitious his grandeur; not as the libertine his pleasure, or the generous man his friend; these are flat similitudes to describe such an intense passion as mine. Not as a man scorched in a fever, longing for a cooling draught; not as a weary traveller wishes for soft repose; my soul's desire admits of no equal comparison from these.

I love my friend; my vital breath and the light of heaven are dear to me; but should I say, I love my God as I love these, I should belie the sacred flame which aspires to infinity. 'Tis thee, abstract; thee, O uncreated beauty, that I love; in thee, my wishes are all terminated; in thee, as in their blissful centre, all my desires meet, and there they must be eternally fixed: 'Tis thou alone that must constitute my happiness.

Were the harps of angels silent, there would be harmony for me in the whispers of thy love: were the fields of light darkened, thy smiles would bless me with everlasting day: the vision of thy face will attract my eyes, nor give me leisure to waste a look on other objects to all eternity, any further than God,

God is to be seen in his creatures. All their beams of grace, and joy, and glory, are derived from thee, the eternal Son, and will merit my attention no further than they reflect of thy image, or discover thy excellencies.

Even at this distance, encompassed with the shade of death, and the mists of darkness, in these cold melancholy regions, when a ray of thy love breaks in on my soul, when through the clouds I can trace but one feeble beam, even that obscures all human glory, and gives me a contempt for whatever mortality can boast. What wonders then will the operation of thy face effect, when I shall enjoy it in its sublime a degree, that the magnificence of the light will not draw my regard, nor the converse of angels divert my thoughts from thee? Thou wilt engross my everlasting attention, and I shall abound in felicity, if I had nothing to entertain me but immediate communion with the infinite Divinity.

Mend thy pace, old lazy time, and shake thy betwixt sands; make shorter circles, ye rolling planets when will your destined courses be fulfilled? Thou restless sun, how long wilt thou travel the celestial road? When will thy starry walk be finished? When will the commissioned angel arrest thee in thy progress, and lifting up his hand, swear by the unutterable name, “that time shall be no more?” O happy period! my impatient soul springs forward to salute thee, and leaves the lagging days, and months and years far behind. “Make haste, my beloved,” and be like a roe, or a young hart on the spicy mountains.”

I pine, I die for the sight of thy countenance, oh! turn the veil aside, blow away the separating cloud.

loud; pull out the pins of this tabernacle, break the cords, and let fall the curtain of mortality. Oh! let it interpose no longer between me and my perfect bliss. I feel those flames of divine love, which are unextinguishable as the lights of heaven, not death itself shall quench the sacred ardour.

Ye ministers of light, ye guardians of the just, stand and witness to my vows; and in a humble dependence on thy grace, O Jesus, may I not venture to bid those thy flaming ministers protest against me when I change my love, and stand my accusers at the last judgment? When I prove false to thee, may I not venture to say to them all, Bring in your awful evidence, and proclaim my perjury.

For you have listen'd while the sacred name,
That kindles in each heavenly breast a flame,
You listen'd while it melted on my tongue,

Flow'd from my lips, and grac'd the midnight song.
Bless'd was the time, and wisely fled the hours.

While holy love employ'd my noblest powers:

The heavens appear'd, and the propitious skies

Unveil'd their inmost glories to my eyes.

Oh! stay, I cry'd, ye happy moments, stay,

Nor in your flight snatch these delights away:

I ask no more the rising sun to view,

No mortals and their hopes I bid adieu.

These heavens and this earth have been witness-
es to my vows: the holy angels have been wit-
nesses, and all will join together to condemn me
when I violate my faith. Strengthen and confirm
O my Saviour, and make the bonds of it immor-
al.

If I were only to reason upon this subject, I might say, what motive could earth, what could hell, what could heaven itself propose to tempt my soul to change its love? What could they lay in the balance against an infinite good? What could be thrown in as a stake against the favour of God? Alas, the happy souls who know what the light of his countenance imports, who drink in joy and immortality from his smiles, ask them what value they set on their enjoyments; ask them what in heaven or earth should purchase one moment's interval of their bliss; ask some radiant seraph, amidst the fervency of his raptures, at what price he values his happiness; and when these have named the purchase, earth and hell may try to balance mine. Let them spread the bait that tempt deluded men to ruin; let riches, honour, beauty, and bewitching pleasure appear in all their charms, the sensuality of the present and past ages, the Persian delicacy and the Roman pride; let them uncover the golden mines, and disclose the ruby sparkling in its bed; let them open the veins of sapphires, and show the diamond glittering in its rock; let them all be thrown into the balance; and let their weight be too little and too light.—Let the pretences of state be added, imperial titles, and the enshrouding of majesty: put in all that boundless vanity imagines, or wild ambition craves, crowns and sceptres, regal vestments and golden thrones,——the scale still mounts,——Throw in the world entire——'tis unsubstantial, and light as airy vanity.

Are these thy highest boasts, O deluding world?
 ——Ye ministers of darkness, have ye nothing else to offer? Are these your utmost proposals? Are
 these

these a compensation for the FAVOUR OF GOD?
Alas! that boundless word has a meaning which
out-weighs them all: infinite delight, unconceivable joy are expressed in it; the light of his countenance signifies more than angels can describe, or mortality imagine: and shall I quit all that an everlasting heaven means for empty shadows?

Go ye baffled tempters, go offer your toys to madmen and fools; they all vanish under my scorn, and cannot yield so much as an amusement to my aspiring thoughts. The sun in all his spacious circuit, beholds nothing to tempt my wishes. These winding skies in all their ample round contain nothing equal to my desires; my ambition has far different ends, and other prospects in view; nothing below the joys of angels can satisfy me.

Let me explore the worlds of life and beauty, and find a path to the dazzling recesses of the Most High: let me drink at the fountain-head of pleasure, and derive all that I want from original and uncreated blisses and felicity.

O divine love! let me launch out into thy pleasurable depths, and be swallowed up in thee: let me plunge at once in immortal joy, and lose myself in the infinite ocean of happiness.

Till then I pine for my celestial country; till then I murmur to the winds and streams, and tell the solitary shades my grief. The groves are conscious to my complaints, and the moon and stars listen to my sighs; by their silent lights I talk over my heavenly concerns, and give a vent to my divine affections in moral language; then looking upward, I grow impatient to reach the milky way, the seats of joy and immortality.

Come

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Come love, come life, and that bless'd day
For which I languish, come away
When this dry soul, these eyes shall see,
And drink the unfeal'd source of thee.

Oh come, I cry, thou whom my soul loveth: I
would go on, but want expression, and vainly struggle
with the unutterable thought.

Tell me, you sons of light, who felt the force of
these celestial fires, in what language you paint their
sacred violence? Or do the tongues of seraphs faul-
ter? Does the language of paradise want emphasis
here, and immortal eloquence fail? Surely your
happinefs is more perfect than all your descriptions
of it: heaven echoes to your charming notes as far
as they reach, while divine love, which is all your
song, is infinite, and knows no limits of degree or
duration.

Yet I would say, some gentle spirit come and in-
struct me in your art; lend me a golden harp, and
guide the sacred flight: let me imitate your devout
strains, let me copy your harmony, and then

Some of the fairest choir above,
Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

Blessed and immortal creatures, I long to join with
you in your celestial style of adoration and love, I long
to learn your extasies of worship and joy in a lan-
guage which mortals cannot pronounce, and to speak
the divine passion of my soul in words which are
new unspeakable.

XX. SELF-REPROOF for INACTIVITY.

IS it possible that I should one day be rapt almost to the third heavens, and ere a few weeks have passed over me, I should find myself creeping among the insects of the earth, and almost as meanly busied as they? Can divine love, which exalted me lately into flaming transports, so far subside and grow cool within me? Can it leave me so unactive as I now feel myself? What shall I do to shame my conscience with reproaches, and renew my flame to religious zeal and vigour.

Alas! how does the activity of men about the little affairs of human life condemn my negligence in matters of everlasting consequence? Does the fond lover with such anxiety and impatience pursue the object of his wishes, and shall not divine beauty and infinite loveliness inflame my desires to a nobler height, and excite my languishing devotion?

Are the ambitious so restless and solicitous to make themselves great and to purchase the veneration of fools? Do they lay such mighty projects, and compass their designs with such pains and difficulty, for mere pageantry and gaudy trifles; and shall I, who am a candidate for heaven, a probationer for celestial dignity, lose my title for want of diligence? Shall I slumber in the noble strife when God and angels are ready to assist me, and every moment's toil will be recompensed with eternal ages of rest and triumph?

See, see, the moments fly, the labour shortens, and the immense reward draws near; the palm of victory, the starry crown are in view; the happy realms and fields of light entertain me with their glorious prospect

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prospect. Rouze thee, my soul, to the most active pursuit of these felicities: waken all thy springing powers, and let it never, never be thy reproach, that the vigour and intenceness of thy desire, or that thy holy industry should sink so far below the fervour of those affections, which in a devout hour thou hast pronounced inexorable.

O Lord, what a mutable thing is man? what frailty works in this flesh and blood, and hangs heavy upon our better powers? 'Tis grace, divine grace alone, can keep alive that immortal spark within us, which came first from heaven, and first taught our hearts to arise and spring upward. Preserve and complete thy own work, Almighty Grace.

XXI. A JOYFUL VIEW OF APPROACHING DEATH.

Death, where is thy sting? where is thy boasted victory? the conquest is mine; I shall pass in triumph through thy dark dominions, and through the grace of the Son of God, my divine leader, I shall appear there not a captive but a conqueror.

O king of terrors, where are thy formidable looks? I can see nothing dreadful in thy aspect: thou appearest with no tokens of defiance, nor dost thou come with summons from a severe judge; but gentle invitations from my blessed Redeemer, who has passed gloriously through thy territories, in his way to his throne.

Thrice welcome, thou kind messenger of my liberty and happiness! a thousand times more welcome than jubilee to the wretched slave, than pardon to a condemned malefactor: I am going from darkness

and confinement to immense light and perfect liberty; from these tempestuous regions to the soft and peaceful climes above; from pain and grief to everlasting ease and tranquillity. For the toils of virtue, shall immediately receive its vast rewards, for the approach of fools, the honour and applause of angels. In a few minutes I shall be higher than yonder stars, and brighter far than they. I shall range the boundless ether, and breathe the balmy air of paradise. I shall presently behold my glorious Maker, and sing hallelujahs to my exalted Saviour.

And now come, ye bright guardians of the just, conduct me through the unknown and trackless ether, for you pals and repals the celestial road continually; you have commission not to leave me till I arrive at *Mount Zion*, the heavenly *Jerusalem*, the city of the living God; till I come to the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

Hold out, faith and patience; 'tis but a little while and your work will be at an end; but a few moments and these sighs and groans shall be converted into everlasting hallelujahs: but a few weary steps and the journey of life will be finished. One effort more, and I shall have gained the top of the everlasting hills, and from yonder bright summit shall presently look back on the dangers I have escaped in my travels through the wilderness.

Roll faster on, ye lingering minutes; the nearer my joys the more impatient I am to seize them: after these painful agonies how greedily shall I drink in immortal ease and pleasure? Break away, ye thick clouds, begone ye envious shades, and let me behold

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behold the glories ye conceal: let me see the promised land, and survey the happy regions I am immediately to possess. How long will you interpose between me and my bright Sun? between me and the unclouded face of God? Look up, my soul, see how sweetly those reviving beams break forth! how they dispel the gloom and gild the shades of death.

O blest eternity! with what a cheerful splendour dost thou dawn on my soul? With thee comes liberty, and peace, and love, and endless felicity; but pain, and sorrow, and rumour, and death, and darkness vanish before thee for ever. I am just upon the shores of those happy realms where uninterrupted day and eternal spring reside: yonder are the delightful hills and harmonious vales which continually echo to the songs of angels. There the blissful fields extend their verdure, and there the immortal groves ascend; but how dazzling is thy prospect, O city of God, of whom such glorious things are spoke? In thee "there shall be no more night," nor need of the sun or moon;" for the throne of God, and of the Lamb is in the midst of thee; "and the nations that are saved shall walk in thy light, and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honour into thee, and there the glorious Lord shall be to us a place of defence, a place of streams and broad rivers," and the voice of joy and shout of triumph shall be heard in thee for ever.

There holy souls perpetual sabbaths keep,
And never are concern'd for food and sleep:

There

These new-come saints with wreaths of light arc
crown'd,

While iv'ry harps and sacred trumpets sound

'There flaming seraphs sacred hymns begin,

And raptur'd cherubs loud responses sing.

"My eyes shall there behold the king in his beauty,"
and oh! how ravishing will the aspects of his love
be? what unutterable extasies shall I feel, when I
meet those smiles which enlighten heaven and exhi-
brate all the celestial regions? When shall I view
the beatifick glory without one interposing cloud to
eternity? When shall I look my fill at the fountains
of joy, and in these rivers of pleasure that flow from
his right hand for ever?

XXII. A DEVOUT RESIGNATION of SELF to the
DIVINE POWER and GOODNESS.

MY all-sufficient friend, "my shield, and my
"exceeding great reward!" I have enough:
unbounded avarice can covet nothing beyond thee;
the soul whom thou dost not suffice, deserves to be eter-
nally poor. Thou art my supreme happiness, my vo-
luntary choice: I took thy love for my treasure in that
best day when I entered into covenant with thee, and
became thine: I made no articles with thee, for the
friendships, the honours and pleasures of the world;
but solemnly renounced them all, and chose thy fa-
vour for my single inheritance, leaving the conduct
of my life entirely to thee.

These were my vows, and these I have often re-
newed; and shall I now retract such sacred obliga-
tions, and alter a choice so just and reasonable?

H

Forbid

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Forbid it, gracious God ! let me never be guilty of such madness ; the world has often disappointed my most confident expectations, but thou hast never deceived me. In all my distress I have found thee a certain refuge, “ my shield, my fortress, my high tower, my deliverer, my rock, and he in whom I trust.” When there was none to save me, thy powerful hand has set me free ; thou hast redressed my grievances, and dissipated my fears : thou hast brought me light out of obscurity, and turned my darkness into day.

When the world could afford me nothing but tempest and disorder, with thee I have found repose and undisturbed tranquillity. Thou hast been my long-experienced refuge, my unfailing confidence, and I steadily depend on thee for my future conduct. I cannot err when guided by thy infinite wisdom ; I make safe in the arms of eternal love, to which I humbly resign myself. Let me have riches or poverty, honour or contempt ; whatever comes from thy hand shall be thankfully received. I would hear no voice but thine, nor make a step but where I am following thee.

If thou wouldst leave me to chuse for myself, I would resign the choice again to thee. I dread nothing more than the guidance of my own blind desires ; I tremble at the thoughts of such a fatal liberty : avert, gracious God, that miserable freedom. Thou forestest all events, and at one single view dost look thro’ eternal consequences ; therefore do thou determine my circumstances, not to gratify my own wild desires, but to advance thy glory.

Thou hast an unquestioned right to dispose of me I am thine by necessary ties and voluntary engage-

ments

ments, which I thankfully acknowledge and solemnly renew; deliberately and entirely I put myself into thy hands. Whatever interest I have in this world I sacrifice to thee, and leave my dearest enjoyments to thy disposal, acknowledging it my greatest happiness to be guided by thee.

“Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?” that thou who art supremely blessed, and independently happy, shouldst concern thyself, with human affairs, and condescend to make our wants as much thy care as if mortal miseries could reach thee, and interrupt immortal blessedness. Thou wouldst make us sensible of thine indulgence of the most tender similitudes: a father’s gentle care but faintly shadows thine, and all we can conceive of human pity falls short of thy compassion.

Thou dost seem to share of our calamities, and sympathize in all our grief. No friend flies to our assistance with all the speed that thy love brings thee, nor canst thou ever want methods to relieve those who confide in thee.

‘Thy providence finds or makes its way thro’ all oppositions: the streams shall roll back to their fountains, the sun shall stand still, and the course of nature be reversed, rather than thou want means to bring thy purposes to pass. No obstacle puts a stand to thy designs, nor obstructs thy methods: ‘tis thy will that makes nature and necessity: who can stay thy hand or say unto thee, “what dost thou?” Thy counsel shall stand, and thou wilt do thy pleasure. Nothing is impossible for thee to accomplish; wherever I cast my eyes, I see instances of thy power: the extended firmament, the sun, and stars, tell me what thou art able to perform; they attest thy omnipotence,

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and rebuke my unbelief. The whole creation pleads for thee, and condemns my infidelity.

Almighty God, forgive my diffidence, while I confess, 'tis most inexcusable. Thy hand is not shortened, nor are the springs of thy bounty sealed; thy ancient miracles have not exhausted thy strength, nor hath perpetual beneficence impoverished thee; thy power remains undiminished, and thy mercy endureth for ever. That dazzling attribute surrounds me with transporting glories: which way soever I turn I meet the bright conviction: I cannot recal a day of my past life on which some signature of thy goodness is not stamped.

Oh! who hath tasted of thy clemency
In greater measure or more oft than I?
Which way soe'er I turn my face or feet,
I see thy mercy and thy glory meet.

In whatever thou hast granted, or whatever thou hast denied me, thy beneficence has been mingled with every dispensation: thou hast not taken the advantage of my follies, nor been severe to my sins; but thou hast remembered my frame, and treated me with the utmost indulgence. Glory be to thy name for ever.

XXIII. REDEEMING LOVE.

A Lmighty love, the name of every heavenly soul infinite grace, the wonder of angels forgive a mortal tongue that attempts thy praise and yet should man be silent, the mute creation would find a voice to upbraid him.

But oh ! in what language shall I speak ? with what circumstances shall I begin ? Shall I roll back the volumes of eternity, and begin with the glorious design that determined man's redemption before the birth of time, before the confines of the creation were fixed ?

Infinite years before the day,
Or heavens began to roll ?

Shall I speak in general of all the nations of the redeemed ? or to excite my own gratitude, shall I consider thyself, thy worthless self, included by eternal degree among the number of those who should bear of a Redeemer's name, and be marked out a partaker of that immense privilege ? Before the foundations of the hills were laid, the gracious design was formed, and the blessed plan of it schemed out before the curtains of the sky were spread.

Lord what is man ? what am I ? what is all the human race, to be thus regarded ? O narrow thoughts ; and narrow words ! here confess your defects ; these are heights not to be reached by you. Adorable measures of infinite clemency ! unfathomable riches of grace ! with what astonishment do I survey you ! I am swallowed and lost in the glorious immensity. All hail, ye divine mysteries, ye glorious paths of the unfathomable deity ! let me adore, though I can never express you.

Yet should I be silent, heaven and earth, nay, hell itself should reproach me : the damned themselves would call me ungrateful, should I fail to celebrate that Grace whose loss they are for ever lamenting : a loss that leaves them for ever desperate and undone.

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"Tis this grace which tunes the harps of heav'n,
and yields them an immortal subject of harmony and
praise. The spirits of just men made perfect fix their
contemplations here; they adore the glorious mys-
tery, and while they sing the wonders of redeeming
love, they ascribe sublime and living honours to him
that sits on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever.
And infinitely worthy art thou, O Lord, to receive
the grateful homage. Who shall not praise and
magnify thy name? Who shall deny the tribute of
thy glory?

But, alas! what can mortal man add to thee?
What can nothingness and vanity give? We mur-
mur from the dust, and attempt thy praise from the
depths of misery; yet thou dost condescend to hear
and listen to our broken accents; amidst the hal-
lujahs of angels our groans ascend to thee, our com-
plaints reach thee: from the height of thy happiness,
and from the exaltations of eternal glory thou hast
regard to man, poor wretched man! thou receivest
his homage, with delight; his praises mingle with
the harmony of angels, nor interrupt the sacred con-
cord. Those natives of heaven, those morning stars
sing together in their beatitudes, nor disdain to let
the sons of earth and mortality join with them in
celebrating the honours of Jesus their Lord, and
ours: to him be every tongue devoted, and let every
creature for ever praise him. *Amen.*

XXIV. PLEADING for PARDON and HOLINESS.

IMmortal spring of life, the fountain of all exist-
ence, the first and last, "without beginning of
days, or end of years;" before the heavens were

created,

created thou wast, and shall remain unchanged while they wax old and decay. "Thou art infinitely blessed thyself, thy glory admits of no condition: the praises of angels cannot heighten thy happiness, nor the blasphemies of hell diminish it. Thou canst do every thing, and thy power finds no obstacle. "Thou madest heaven and earth, the sea, and the fountains of water; thou dost according to thy will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; thou holdest the waters in the hollow of thy hand, and measurest out the heavens with a span: thou comprehendest the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighest the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance: thou coverest thyself with light, as a garment," and art surrounded with inaccessible splendour: "thou art glorious in holiness, fearful in praises; the heavens are not clean in thy sight, and thou chargest thine angels with folly: what then is man that drinks in iniquity like water? What is man that thou art mindful of him; that thou dost thus visit him?" 'Tis because thou art good, and thy mercy endureth forever; mercy is thy prevailing attribute. Thou art compassionate and infinitely gracious, and hast fully manifested thy love and beneficence to the race of man in the glorious methods of our redemption from everlasting bondage and death by thy Son Jesus.

Therefore with the lowest reverence, and most humble gratitude, I desire to prostrate myself before thee, acknowledging it my greatest honour, and undeserved privilege, to approach the Lord, and bow myself before the high God; I that am unworthy to utter thy tremendous name, or once to lift my eyes to heaven. To my own confusion, I here confess I have

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have abused the mercy which I now implore, and injured that goodness and forbearance by my sins which I am now addressing myself to. I have forfeited the very benefits I ask, and despised those sacred privileges which I am forced to plead: I can use scarce any motive but what could carry in it my own condemnation. Shall I implore thy mercy by the gracious terms of the new covenant, sealed by the blood of thy eternal Son? alas, that gracious covenant I have violated, and profaned its sacred seals: I have sinned against the clearest light, and tenderest instances of love: I have not only broken my obligations to thee as a Creator; but the strongest engagements of thy adoption, even the glorious privilege of being admitted into thy family, and numbered among the children of God.

But still those very circumstances that aggravate my guilt, exalt thy mercy: here the freeness and magnificence of thy grace will display itself; here thou wilt answer the indulgent title of a father in its tenderest extent; I have no sins too great for infinite clemency to pardon. Thou art God, and not man; and as the heavens are as high above the earth, so high are thy ways of compassion above all human methods.

I dare not set bounds to thy goodness, nor affirm, that "thus far, and no further," divine patience extends. Thou hast pardoned and restored me to thy favour too often for me now to despair: my penitent sighs were never rejected, nor my humble requests unanswered: I have always found the heavens open, and the throne of God accessible, through the blood of my Redeemer. By his agony and bloody sweat, by his cross and passion, by his painful death

and glorious resurrection, I implore thy pardon: he
as made a full atonement, and divine justice will
demand no further satisfaction. "To him give all
the prophets witness, that thro' his name, who-
soever believes in his name shall receive remission
of sins."

O blessed Jesus! the hope of the Gentiles, the sal-
vation of the ends of the earth; the great Messiah,
the promised Saviour, who dost answer those glori-
ous titles in their uttermost signification; to thee,
my certain, my experienced refuge, I fly; O Son
of God, hear me; O Lamb of God, who takest
away the sins of the world, have mercy on me.
O Eternal Spirit, the promised Comforter, come
with all thy sacred consolations: come and be as dew to
the drooping flowers, as rain to the parched ground;
and come with thy reviving light, and dispel the
darkness that beclouds my soul: break in like the
sun after a melancholy night: one beam of thine
would melt this frozen, this obdurate heart, and kin-
dle in my soul the spark of holy love; breathe upon
my cold affections, and raise them to a sacred
flame.

Searcher of hearts, from whom nothing is conceal-
ed whose penetrating eyes find out hypocrisy in its
blackest disguise: thou knowest the desires of my soul,
and art my impartial witness that I kneel not here
for the riches and honours of the world; that I am
not prostrate before thee for the length of days or
pleasure; but that 'tis the kingdom of God, and the
righteousness thereof, that I seek. Give me not my
portion with the rich and great, but let me have my
 humble lot with thy children; let me bear contempt
and derision, and suffer reproach with the people of

God.

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God rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season.

Thy favour is the end of all my wishes, the constant subject of my prayer. Oh ! thou whose ears are open to the wants of all thy creatures, who hearest the young ravens when they cry from their nest to thee, who givest the men of the world the transitory things they chuse, wilt thou deny the desire which thou thyself dost inspire and approve? O let me be filled with that righteousness which I hunger and thirst after, and be satisfied with thy likeness. Thou canst not be diminished, whatever perfection thou dost communicate to the creature; endless liberality could not make thee poor.

I ask no privileges above the capacity of my nature, nor aspire to the perfections of angels: I only beg that I may reach those heights of holiness and divine love, which souls invested with a mortal body like mine, and encumbered with the same human passions, have attained. But in vain I strive to imitate those bright examples thou hast set before me without any assistance all my endeavours will prove fruitless. Thou knowest the frailty of my nature and the mighty difficulties I have to encounter: I have not only the allurements of the world but also the stratagems of hell to engage with, and a treacherous heart within, ready on all occasions to betray me into sin and endless perdition: O let my impotence and danger awaken thy compassion.

Remember thy former benignity, O Lord and let that engage thee to grant me new supplies of that grace, by which alone I shall prove victorious. Thy bounty to any of the works of thy hands must always flow from the goodness of thy own nature; for what

ature can pretend to merit any thing from thee? could urge nothing but thy own infinite mercy, when I intreat thee not to let me perish, after the wonderful things thou hast done for my soul; after all the pledges thou hast given me of thy love, let not my follies provoke thee to forsake me; but remember thy covenant, and its gracious articles, and according to thy own ineffable benignity which has been the glorious motive of every favour I have received from thee.

XV. A TRANSPORT of GRATITUDE for SAVING
MERCY.

BLESS a thousand times the happy day when first a beam of heavenly light broke in on my soul, when the day-star from on high visited me, and the celestial light began to dawn, I welcomed its cheerful lustre, and felt the sacred influence; the flames of holy love awoke, and holy joys were kindled.

The earth and all its pageantry disappeared like clouds before the morning sun: the scenes of Paradise were opened,—seraphic pleasures and unutterable delights: all hail, I cried, you unknown joys you inexperienced pleasures! compared to you what's all have relished till now? what's earthly beauty and harmony? what all that mortals call charming and attractive? I never lived till now: I knew no more than the name of happiness till now: I have been in dream during all the days of my folly, and vanity, but now I awake to the life of heaven-born spirits, and taste the joys of angels.

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XXVI. IMPORTUNATE REQUESTS for the RE- TURN of GOD to the SOUL.

THOU great and glorious, thou invisible and universal Being, art thou no nearer to be approached; or do I search thee amiss? Is there corner of the earth unvisited by thee, or any place exempt from thy presence? I trace thy footsteps through heaven and earth, but I cannot overtake thee.

Why do I seek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art every where?

Tell me, O my God, and my all, tell me what thou art to be found; for there is the place of my rest. What imaginable good can supply thy absence? Deprived of thee, all that the world could offer would be like a jest to a dying man and prove my aversion and disdain. 'Tis a God that I seek.

My wishes stoop not to a lower aim;
Thou, thou who kindled this immortal flame,
Which nothing could allay,

Adieu, adieu to all human things! Let me find my God, the end of all my wishes: why dost thou keep back the face of thy throne? why does the cloud and sacred darkness conceal thee?

Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roll and planets shine;

But nothing like thyself appears

'Thro' all these various works of thine.

O thou fairer than all the works of thy hands, wilt thou ever hide thyself from a creature that loves and seeks thee with so intense desire? I appeal to thee, O Lord, are not my breathings after thee most hearty and unfeigned? does not my soul pant after thee with a fervour, which cannot be extinguished, and sincerity which cannot be disguised?

For thee I pine, and am for thee undone;
As drooping flow'rs that want their parent sun.

How do my spirits languish for thee! No similitudes can express the vehemence of my desires: wealth and glory, friends and pleasure lose their names compared to thee. To follow thee I would leave them all behind; I would leave the whole creation, and bid the fields and sparkling skies adieu. At the heavens and earth be no more, while thou endurest for ever, I can want no support. My king myself, with all its blessedness, depends entirely on thee.

Place me far from the bounds of all creation, remote from all existence but thy own; in that ineffable solitude let me be lost, let me expatriate there forever, let me run the endless rounds of bliss—but, alas! I flatter myself in vain with scenes of unattainable happiness. I will search thee then, where hope thou mayest be found. I cast my eyes to the happy beings that see thy face unveiled: I search thee in the flowery meadows, and listen for thee among the murmuring springs; then, silent and ab-

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stracted

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attracted from human things I search thee in holy contemplation. 'Tis all in vain; nor fields, nor floods nor clouds, nor stars reveal thee.

Ye happy spirits, that meet his smiles, and bear his voice, direct a mournful wanderer while I seek him whom my soul loves, while I sigh and complain and cast my lagging eyes to yonder happy mansions; fain would I penetrate the starry pavilions, and look through the separating firmament: oh! thou wouldst divide the clouds, that thou wouldst rend the heavens and give me one glimpse of thy glory! that thou wouldst display thy beauty, and in the midst of these earthly scenes of amusing vanity give me one moment's interval of celestial blessedness.

One look of mercy from thy eye,

One whisper of thy voice,

Exceed a whole eternity

Employed in carnal joys.

Could I the spacious earth command,

Or the more boundless sea,

For one dear hour at thy right-hand

I'd give them both away.

If things were put in just balances, and computed aright, for the first moment of this satisfaction I am ready to lay, the whole creation would be cheaply lost; how gladly would I resign all for such a bliss! Adieu to human things; let me find my God, the end of all my wishes: 'tis he whom I seek, 'tis he alone can satisfy my infinite desires. Oh? why dost thou withdraw? why thus long con-

al thyself? where dost thou retire? not earth,
nor heaven reply to my repeated calls. Let me
Let me invoke thee by every gracious title, my
Father, and the God of my fathers, from one genera-
tion to another thou hast been our dwelling-place;
thy claim has descended from age to age; thy cove-
nant has been established with us, and thy faithful-
ty remains unblemished. Oh! forget not thy co-
venant, forget not the blessings entail'd on me; for-
get not the prayers and tears by which my pious an-
cestors have engaged thy mercy for me, forget not
their vows and solemn dedication of me to thee;
recall thy ancient favours, and renew thy for-
mer mercy to a family which has been thine in a
succession of ages.

Let me invoke thee now by a nearer propriety:
thy covenant God, my father, and my friend! if by
all those tender names I have ever known thee, for-
get me not. By these sacred engagements, O Lord,
intreat thy return. If all thy past favours were
as all was walking bliss, and not a gay delusion,
bestow on my heaven again. Life of my soul, light
of my eyes, return; come and bring thy sacred con-
solations; once more again let me experience those
joy joys that thy presence imparts; once again let me
hear thy voice, and once again be blest with thy
smiles.

Oh! hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light;
And suddenly; or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.

Blessed

6 DEVOUT EXERCISES

Blessed Saviour, in thee we behold the face of God, as a reconciled father; and dost thou wish to draw thyself? O how welcome will thy returns be! how like breakings of immortal day will thy presence cheer me? how dearly shall I prize thy happiness! how fearful shall I be of every thing that would offend thee? how joyful in the blessed discovery and possession of thy love! I'd whisper of my bliss to the listening streams and groves:

I'd carve thy passion on the bark,
And every wounded tree
Shall droop and bear some mystic mark.
That Jesus dy'd for me.
The swains shall wonder when they read
Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That heaven itself came down and bled
To win a mortal's love.

But why do I flatter myself with these delightful scenes? I find thee absent still: I mourn and complain as one unpierced: what is life while thou art absent? Oh! return and bless me with thy presence, thou who knowest my distress, and art acquainted with my secret cares. Thou who art the winnow of my midnight sighs, and dost hear when at the dawning day I call thee; but still thou answerest not, and seemest deaf to my prayers. I am, 'tis true, a worthless wretch; but vile as I am, thou hast in thy immense compassion brought me into covenant with thee: "My beloved is mine, and I am his."

He is my sun, tho' he refuse to shine
Tho' for a moment he depart,

I dwell

I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever be on mine.

Nothing can break the sacred union; but for this confidence I were undone; but for this beam of hope I were lost in eternal darkness. "Why art thou disquieted, O my soul, and why art thou cast down within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise him for the light of his countenance." I shall yet welcome his return, I shall yet hear his cheering voice, and meet his favourable smiles.

But why, O my God, this long suspense? Why do these intervals of night and darkness abide upon me and torment my heart so long? Wilt thou deny a bliss so easily granted? I ask no more than is lawful for mortality to wish: I ask not the visions of angels here below; nor the beatitudes of perfected spirits, I ask but that thou hast bid me seek, and given me hopes to obtain; I ask that sacred fellowship, that ineffable communion with which thou favour'st thy saints.

Oh! let me hear those heavenly whispers that give them the foretastes of immortal pleasures; let me be sensible of these divine approaches that kindle celestial ardour in their souls; let me meet those beams that darken all mortal beauty; let me enjoy, at this earthly distance those smiles that are the bliss of angels in heaven. Though 'tis but darkly, and afar off, yet let me feel their influence: 'twill brighten the passage of life, it will direct me thro' its mazes, and gild its rough gloomy paths; 'twill raise the flames of sacred love, it will waken the divine principle within me, and set it a glowing through all my powers. I abandon, I shall forget the vanities below,

and

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and the glories of the world will be no more. But while thou, O my God, hidest thy face, I shall lose my sun, I languish and die: yet to thee I will lift up my eyes, to thee I lift up my soul.

Come, Lord, and never from me go,

This world's a darksome place:

I find no pleasure here below,

When thou dost veil thy face.

XXVII. BREATHING after GOD, and WEARY of the WORLD.

THIS no mean beauty of the ground
That has allur'd my eyes:

I faint beneath a nobler wound,

Nor love below the skies.

If words can reach the heights of love and gratitude, let me pour out the secret ardour of my soul: O let me not offend thy greatness, that dust and vanity adores and loves thee: If thou hadst given me other capacities, and formed any other thing more suitable to my wishes, I might have found a lower happiness and been content with something below the infinite Deity; but the scanty creation affords nothing to satisfy me, and I follow thee by a divine instinct and mere necessity of nature.

My life is useless, and my being insignificant without thee: my reason has no proper employment; love, the noblest passion of my soul, has no object to answer its dignity. I am reduced to absolute poverty; my nature is entirely ruined, I am lost, eternally lost, undone, and abandoned to des-

pair, if I am deprived of thee. There can be no reparation made for an infinite loss; nothing can be instead of God to my soul.

I have willingly renounced all things else for thy sake: all the sentiments of tenderness and delight that my soul ever feels for an earthly object, is mere indifference, compared to my love for thee; and grows into hatred when that object stands as thy rival or competitor. This is the conquering, the superior flame that draws in and swallows up all the ardours or my nature. My engagements with all terrestrial things, are broken; the names of father, of brother, or of friend are no more: abstracted from thee, these tender titles give me neither confidence, nor joy, and are mere insignificant names, but as thou dost give them emphasis; they are nothing at all without thee; and with thee, what infinite good can be an addition?

The soul can hold no more, for God is all.

He only equals its capacious grasp,

He only overfills to spaces infinite.

Thou art my God, and I have enough; my soul is satisfied, I am entirely at rest. Divide the vain, the perishing creation to the miserable wretches that ask no other portion; let them unenvied possess the honours, and riches, and pleasures of the world, with a lavish hand divide them away: these things are but as the dust of the balance to the happy soul that knows what the light of thy countenance imports. Alas that there can be no relict left for the low degree of mortality.

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Lost in the high enjoyments of thy love,
What glorious mortal could my envy move?

You ineffable delectations of divine love, let me have no sentiment of pleasure left but for you. My God, revealing his glories and his graces, in Jesus Christ his son, is sufficient for my eternal entertainment.

What if all former ideas of visible things were wiped from my soul? what if I had no imagination, no memory, no traces left of any thing but the joys I have found in thy presence, and the assurances of thy everlasting favour? Those are the only past moments I recal with pleasure, and oh! let all the vast eternity before me be spent in these satisfactions.

Vanish, ye terrestrial scenes! fly away, ye vain objects of sense! I resign all those poor and limited faculties by which you are enjoyed; let me be insensible of all your impressions, if they do not lead me to my God. Let chaos come again, and the fair face of nature become an universal blank; let her glowing beauties all fade away, and those divine characters she wears be effaced. I shall yet be happy; the God of nature, and the original of all beauty is my God.

What if the sun were extinguished in the skies, and all the ethereal lamps had burnt out their golden flames, I shall dwell in light and immortal day, for my God will be ever with me. When the groves shall no more renew their verdure, nor the fields and valleys boast any longer their flowery pride; when all these lower heavens, and these material images of things are no more; I shall see new regions of beauty and pleasure for ever opening

themselves

themselves in the divine essence with all their original glories.

But oh ! how various, how boundless, how transporting will the prospect be ? Oh ! when shall I bid adieu to phantoms and delusions, and converse with eternal realities ? when shall I drink at the fountain-head of essential life and blessedness ?

— — — — — “ And then

“ O what !—But ask not of the tongues of men

“ For angels cannot tell—Let it suffice,

“ Thyself, my soul, shall feel thy own full joys,

“ And hold them fast for ever.”

Oh ! break my fetters, for I must be gone—

Bring my soul out of prison ; I am straitened ; the whole creation is too narrow for me ; I sicken at this confinement, and groan and pant for liberty. How sweet are the thoughts of enlargement ? My soul is already on the wing, and practises imaginary flights ; I seem to reach the heaven of heavens, where God himself resides. It is good for me to be here —————

But ah ! how soon the clouds of mortal sense

Arise, and veil the charming vision ?

Alas ! what do I here in this waste and dreadful wilderness, this dismal region, where our delights are vanishing, and the very glimpses of future felicity we enjoy are so soon overshadowed and surrounded with real horrors ? Alas ! what do I here, wasting that breath in sighs and endless complaints, that was given me to bless and praise the infinite Creator ?

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tor? Alas! what do I here, among strangers and enemies, in this wild un hospitable place, far from my home, and all the objects of my solid delight.

My wishes, hopes, my pleasures and my love,
My thoughts, and noblest passions are above.

What do I here, in the dominions of death and sin, in the precincts and rage of the powers of darkness? Here they lay their toils, and set their fatal snares; but, Lord, what part have they in me? I have bid defiance to the powers of darkness in thy strength, and renounced my share in the vanities of the world. I am a subject of another kingdom, and dare not enter into any terms of peace and amity with the irreconcilable adversaries of God and my soul, which inhabit these treacherous and sinful regions. "The friendship of this world is enmity with God." Death and detraction are in its smiles; I stand on my guard, and am every moment in danger of surprize: Oh! when will my deliverance come from on high?

-----When, my soul,

O when shall thy release from cumbrous flesh
Pass the great seal of heaven? What happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a loole to soar and trace
The intellectual world?

What glorious scenes shall open when once this mortal partition falls, when these walls of clay shall totter and sink down into dust? Ye waters of life, ye torrents of immortal pleasure, how impetuously will you then roll in upon me, and swell and fill

up all the capacities of joy in my nature? Every faculty shall then be filled: and every with shall end in unutterable fruition. "When I awake" into immortal light, "I shall be satisfied with thy likeness." These expressible desires will die into everlasting raptures: hope and languishing expectation will be no more: but present, complete, and unbounded satisfaction will surround me. My God, my God himself will be my infinite, my unutterable joy; all the avenues of pleasure shall be open before me, the scenes of beauty and prospects of delight. "Everlasting joy shall be upon my head, and sorrow and sighing shall fly away for ever."

There will be no more intervals of grief and sin; sin, that insupportable evil, that weight, that heaviest burden; hence the painful and deadly pressure lies in this, that hangs as a weight on all my joys; but thanks be to my God, I can say, I sincerely detest and hate this vilest of flatterers, this cursed bondage of corruption; I long for the glorious liberty of the sons of God; I groan under this load of flesh, this burden of mortality, this body of death.

But grant, O Lord, I may with patience continue in well-doing, and at last obtain glory and immortality through my Redeemer's righteousness. "Sanctify me through thy word of truth," remember this request of my glorious advocate.

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XXVIII. A PRAYER for SPEEDY SANCTIFICATION.

O Lord God, great and holy, all-sufficient and full of grace, if thou shouldst bid me form a wish, and take whatsoever in heaven or earth I had to ask, it should not be the kingdoms of this world, nor the crowns of princes: no, nor should it be the wreathes of martyrs, nor the thrones of archangels: my first request is to be made holy; this is my highest concern. Rectify the disorders sin has made in my soul, and renew thy image there; let me be satisfied with thy likeness. Thou hast compassed my paths with mercy in all other respects, and I am discontented with nothing but my own heart; because it is so unlike the image of thy holiness, and so unfit for thy immediate presence.

Permit me to be importunate here, O blessed God, and grant the opportunity of my wishes; let me be favoured with a gracious and speedy answer, for I am dying while I am speaking: the very breath with which I am calling upon thee, is carrying away part of my life: this tongue that is now invoking thee, must shortly be silent in the grave: these knees that are bent to pay thee homage, and these hands that are now lifted to the most high God for mercy, must shortly be mouldering to their original dust: these eyes will soon be closed in death, which are now looking up to thy throne for a blessing. Oh! prevent the flying hours with thy mercy, and let thy favour out-strip the hasty moments. Thou art unchanged, while rolling ages pass along; but I am decaying with every breath I draw:

my

my whole allotted time to prepare for heaven is but a point, compared with thy infinite duration. The shortness and vanity of my present being, and the importance of my eternal concerns join together to demand my utmost sollicitude, and give wings to my warmest wishes. Before I can utter my present desires, the hasty opportunity perhaps is gone, the golden minute vanished, and the season of mercy has taken its everlasting flight.

Oh ! God of ages, hear me speedily, and grant my request while I am yet speaking ; my frail existence will admit of no delay ; answer me according to the shortness of my duration, and the exigence of my circumstances. My business, of high importance as it is, yet is limited to the present *now*, the passing moment ; for all the powers on earth cannot promise me the next.

Let not my pressing opportunity therefore offend thee ; my happiness, my everlasting happiness, my whole being is concerned in thy success : as much as the enjoyment of God himself is worth, is at stake.

Thou knowest, O Lord, what qualifications will fit me to behold thee ; thou knowest in what I am defective ; thou canst prepare my soul in an instant, and enter into thy holy habitation : I breathe now, but the next moment may be death : let not that fatal moment come before I am prepared. The same cheering voice that said, " Let there be light," and there was light, can in the same manner purify and adorn my soul, and make me fit for thy own presence ; and my soul longs to be thus purified and adorned. O Lord, delay not ; for every moment's inter-
val is a loss to me, and may be a loss unspeakable and

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irreparable

irreparable. Thy delay cannot be the least advantage to thee; thy power and thy clemency are as full this present instant, as they will be the next, and my time as fleeting, and my wants as pressing.

Remember, O eternal God, my lost time is forever lost, and my wasted hours will never return, my neglected opportunities can never be recalled; to me they are gone for ever, and cannot be improved; but thou canst change my sinful soul into holiness, by a word, and set me now in the way to everlasting improvement.

O let not the spirit of God restrain itself, but bless me according to the fulness of thy own being, according to the riches of thy grace in Christ Jesus, according to thy infinite unconceivable love manifested in that glorious gift of thy beloved Son, wherein the fulness of the Godhead was contained: 'tis through his merit and mediation I humbly wait for all the unbounded blessings I want or ask for.

XXIX. GRATITUDE for EARLY and PECULIAR FAVOURS.

LET me trace back thy mercy, O my God, from the first early dawn of life, and bless thee for the privileges of my birth, that it was not in the lands of darkness; where no ray of the gospel had ever darted its light; where the name of a Saviour never had reached my ears, nor the transporting tidings of redemption from eternal misery had ever blessed my soul.

But how shall I express my gratitude for that grace which ordained my lot in this happy land, one of the islands of which it was long since prophesied,

"they should see thy glory, and trust in thy name; "God has enlarged Japhet," even the islands of the sea," and made him to dwell in the tents of Shem," in the inheritance of Abraham. I have my descent from the Gentiles, who were once "strangers to "the covenant of grace, aliens from the common-wealth of Israel;" but are now brought nigh by blood of sprinkling. Jesus, the great peace-maker, hath brought both near to God, and to each other. I bless thee with all my powers, for the privilege of my descent from pious ancestors; that thou hast been their dwelling-place from generation to generation, and hast not "taken thy loving kindness from "their seed, nor suffered thy faithfulness to fail."

Thou hast extended thy mercy to me, the last and least of my father's house, unworthy to wipe the feet of the meanest of the servants of my Lord; and yet by an absolute act of goodness, I am brought into thy family, and numbered with the children of God. Even so it has seemed good in thy sight, who "art gracious to whom thou wilt be gracious."

I might have been a vessel of wrath, a trophy to thy justice, instead of a monument of thy mercy; how insearchable are thy ways! how uncontrouled and free! Thou didst regard me in my lost estate, in more than my original guilt and misery; for I had improved the wretched flock, and been a voluntary, as well as a natural slave to sin and death.

From this ignominious slavery, thou, my great Redeemer, hast ransomed me, and brought me into the glorious liberty of the sons of God; I was a stranger, and thou didst take me in; naked, and thou hast clothed me with the spotless robes of thy own righteousness: I was hungry, and thou didst

feed me; thirstily, and thou didst give me to drink of the fountain of life.

What am I, O Lord, and what is my father's house, that thou hast dealt thus graciously with me, in entering into an everlasting covenant signed and sealed, even sensibly sealed to my soul by the witness of thy spirit? Lord, why me rather than many that were companions of my early vanities and follies? whence were the motives drawn but from thy sovereign pleasure; how many are past by, that could have done thee more service, and returned a warmer acknowledgment to thy distinguished bounty?

Ye spirits of just men made perfect, ye ransomed nations, triumphant above, instruct me in the art of celestial eloquence: tell me in what strains of sacred harmony you express your gratitude for this glorious redemption, while in exalted raptures you sing "to him that loved and washed you in his own blood, and made you kings and priests to God."

XXX. ASPIRING after the VISION of GOD in HEAVEN.

"Beseech thee shew me thy glory:" it was a mortal in a state of frailty and imperfection that made this bold, but pious request; which I repeat on different terms: since none can see thy face and live, let me die to behold it. This is the only request I have to make, and this will I seek after, that I may behold the beauty of the Lord, not as I have seen it in thy sanctuary below, but in full perfection and splendour, as thou art seen by se-

troughs and cherubs, by angels and arch-angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

O my God, forgive my importunity: thou hast commanded me to love thee with all my heart, my soul, my strength, and hast by thy spirit kindled the sacred flame in my breast: from this rises my present impatience; from hence the ardour of my desires spring. Can I love thee, and be satisfied at this distance from thee? can I love thee, and not long to behold thee in perfect excellence and beauty? is it a crime to press forward to the end for which I was created? All my wishes and my hopes of happiness terminate in thee.

Does not the thirsty traveller pine for some refreshing stream? would not the weary be at rest, for the wretched captive be free? and shall not the thirsty, weary, captive soul long for refreshment, liberty, and rest? I am but a stranger, a pilgrim here, and have no abiding place; this is not my rest, my home; and yet if thou hast any employment for me though the meanest office of thy family, I will not repine at my stay.

But, O Lord, thou hast no need of such worthless service as I can pay thee; thy angels are spirits, thy ministers flames of fire; thousands of thousands stand before thee, and ten thousand times ten thousand minister unto thee; they attend thy orders, and obey at thy command. O deliver me from this burden of mortality, and I will serve thee with a zeal as pure and active as thine.

I can speak of thy loving kindness to the children of men in a very imperfect manner; but then I will join with the celestial choir in praising thee, and rehearse to listening angels what thou hast done for

my soul. Here I have a thousand interruptions from the delightful work, a thousand cold and dark, some intervals, a thousand necessary distractions that rise from the miseries of mortality; but when these intervals of grief and sin shall cease, my soul shall dwell at ease and be for ever glad, and rejoice in thy salvation.

XXXI. A SURRENDER of the SOUL to GOD.

Command me what thou wilt, O Lord, give me but strength to obey thee; be thy terms never so severe. O let us never part. I resign my will, and liberty, my choice to thee; I stand divested of the world, and ask only thy love as my inheritance. Give, or deny me what thou wilt, I leave all the circumstances of my future life in thy hands: let the Lord guide me continually: here I am, do with me what seemeth good in thy sight, only do not say, "thou hast no pleasure in me."

Let me not live to dishonour thee, to bring a reproach on thy name, to profane the blood of the Son of God, and grieve the spirit of grace. O take not thy loving-kindness from me, nor suffer thy faithfulness to fail. Thou hast sworn by thy holiness, and thou wilt not lie to the seed of thy servants; thou hast sworn that the generation of the righteous shall "be blessed: vest me with this" character, O my God, and fulfil this promise to a worthless creature.

XXXII. TRUST and RELIANCE on the DIVINE PROMISES.

Let not my importunity offend thee, for 'tis the importunity of faith: 'tis my steadfast belief in thy word that makes me persist: thy word and thy oath, "the two immutable things in which it is impossible for God to lie, give me strong consolation."

'Tis this that makes me press forward to thy throne, thy wisdom, and thy faithfulness, on thy goodness and tender compassion, and glorious attributes for which "the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." 'Tis thy glory to be the confidence of the ends of the earth, and it was not long since predicted, "that in thy name the Gentiles should trust."

Kind guardian of the world, our heavenly aid,
To whom the vows of all mankind are paid—

We pay thee the highest homage, and exalt thy infinite attributes by faith and confidence in thee.

I know that *thou art*, and believe thee "a rewarder of them that diligently seek thee." I will never quit my hold of thy promises, there I fix my hopes: I will not let a little go, nor part with a smite of thy glorious treasure, I humbly hope I have a rightful claim; thou art my God and the God of my religious ancestors, the God of my mother, the God of my pious father: dying and breathing out his soul, he gave me to thy care, he put me into thy gracious arms, and delivered me up to thy protection.

tection. He told me thou wouldst never leave nor forsake me; he triumphed in thy long-experienced faithfulness and truth, and gave his testimony for thee with his latest breath.

And now, O Lord God of my fathers, whose mercy has descended from age to age, whose truth has remained unblemished, and inviolable, and whose love remains without decay, O Lord, the faithful God and the true, keeping covenant and mercy to a thousand generations, let me find that protection and blessing that the prayers of my dying father engaged for me: now in the time of my distress, be a present help; and if thou wilt deliver me, thou alone shalt be my future trust, my counsellor, and hope; to thee I will immediately apply myself, and look on the whole force of created nature as insignificant. To thee I will devote all the blessings thou shalt give me, my time, my life, my whole of this world's goods; whatever share thou shalt graciously allot me shall be the Lord's.

Oh! hearken to the vows of my distress, and for thy own honour deliver me from this perplexity which thou knowest, and reveal to me the abundance of mercy and truth.

'Twas my dependence on the promise and fidelity that brought me into this exigence; I staggered not at thy promises thro' unbelief, but boldly ventured on the credit of thy word: I took it for my security, and can the strength of Israel repent? Canst thou break thy covenant, and alter the thing that is gone out of thy mouth.

"O God of Abraham, God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, this is thy name for ever, and this thy memorial to all generations;" the God before

whom

whom my fathers walked the God that fed me all my life long till now and the angel that redeemed me from all evil, blefs me. Let the God of Jacob be my help, let the Almighty blefs me; let the blessings of my father "prevail above the blessing of his progenitors to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills."

Bless me according to thy own greatness, according to the unsearchable riches of thy grace in Christ Jesus; he is the spring of all my hope, in whom all the promises of God are Yea and Amen: he is the true and faithful witness, and has by his death sealed the divine veracity, and is become surety for the honour and faithfulness of the most high God. To this also the Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth, bears witness.

O! Great Jehovah, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the Lord God omnipotent, hear and grant my request, for the glory of thy mighty name, that name which saints and angels blefs and love: let thy perfections be manifest to the children of men, let them say there is a God that judgeth in the earth: let them confess thou dost keep thy covenant with the seed of thy servants, that thy righteousness is from age to age, and thy salvation shall never be abolished; let them see and acknowledge, that in the fear of the Lord is strong confidence, and his children have a place of refuge.

Unshaken as the sacred hill,

And firm as mountains be;

Firm as a rock the soul shall rest

That leans, O Lord, on thee.

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Memorandum,

This act of faith in God was fully answered, and I leave my testimony, that "the name of the Lord" is a strong tower, and he knoweth them that put "their trust in him."

XXXIII. APPLICATION to the DIVINE TRUTH.

However intricate and hopeless my present distresses may be to human views, why should I limit the almighty? or why should the Holy one of Israel limit himself? Nature and necessity are thine; thou speakest the word, and it comes to pass: no obstacle can oppose the omnipotence of thy will, or make thy designs ineffectual.

Is thy hand at all shortened since the glorious period, when thy mighty power, and thy stretched arm formed the heavens and earth; when these spacious skies were spread at thy command, and this heavy globe fixed on its airy pillars?

The strong foundations of the earth

Of old by thee were laid;

Thy hands the beauteous arch of heaven

With wond'rous skill have made.

"And these shall wax old as a garment, as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be "changed;" but shouldst thou, like these decay, where were the hopes of them that confide in thee? If in all thy generations thy perfections were not the same, what consolation could the race of men draw from the ancient records of thy wonderful works? Why are we told, "thou didst divide the

"see, to make a path for thy people through the "mighty waters;" that thou didst "rain bread "from heaven," and dissolve the flinty rock in crystal rills to give my chosen nation drink?

Thou art he that distinguished Noah in the universal deluge, and preserved the floating ark amidst winds, and rains, and tumultuous billows.

'Twas thy protecting care led Abraham from his kindred and his native country, and brought him safely to the promised land.

Thou didst accompany Jacob in his journey to Padan-aram, and gave him bread to eat, and raiment to put on, till greatly increased in substance? he returned to his father's house, he wrestled for a blessing, he wrestled with the Almighty, and prevailed.

With Joseph thou wentest down to Egypt, and didst deliver him out of all his adversities, till he forgot his sorrows, and all the toil of his father's house.

Thou didst remember thy people in the Egyptian bondage, and look with pitying eyes on their affliction; and, after four hundred and thirty years, on the very day thou hadst promised, didst release and bring them out with triumph and miracles. Thy presence went with them in a pillar of a cloud by day, and a protecting fire by night: thy conquering hand drove out great and potent nations, and gave them an entire possession of the land promised to their fathers: nor didst thou fail in the least circumstance of all the good things thou hadst promised.

What a cloud of witnesses stand on record? Joshua and Gideon, Jephtha and Samson, who thro' faith obtained the promises.

Thou

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Thou didst command the ravens to feed thy holy prophet; and at the word of a prophet, didst sustain the widow's family with a handful of meal.

Thou didst walk with the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace; thou wast present with Daniel in the Lion's den to deliver him, because he trusted in thee.

In what instance has the prayer of faith been rejected? Where were the righteous forsaken? Who can charge God without charging him foolishly? What injustice has been found in the Judge of the earth? His glorious titles have stood unblemished from generation to generation; nor can any of his perfections decay, or rolling years make a change on the "ancient of days."

Are not his words clear and distinct, without a double meaning, or the least deceit? Are they not such as may justly secure my confidence? Such as would satisfy me from the mouth of man, unconstant man, whose breath is in his nostrils, and his foundation in the dust unstable as water, and fleeing as a shadow? and can I so slowly ascent to the words of the Most High? Shall I trust impotent man, that has neither wisdom nor might to accomplish his designs, that cannot call the next breath or motion his own, nor promise himself a moment in all futurity? Can I rest on these feeble props, and yet tremble and dispond when I have the veracity of the eternal God to secure and support me?

I know this will not break his covenant, nor suffer his faithfulness to fail: I dare attest it in the face of earth and hell, I dare stake my all for time and eternity on this glorious truth, a truth which hell cannot blemish, nor all its malice contradict.

Exert.

Exert yourselves, ye powers of darkness, bring in your evidence, collect your instances, begin from the first generations, since the world was peopled, and men began to call on the name of the Lord; when did they call in vain? When did the Holy One of Israel fail the expectation of the humble and contrite spirit? Point out in your blackest characters the dismal period, when the name of the Lord was no more a refuge to them that trusted in him. Let the annals of hell be produced, let them mark the dreadful day, and distinguish it with eternal triumphs.

In vain you search; for neither heaven, nor earth, nor hell, have ever been witnesses to the least deviation from truth to justice: the Almighty shines with unblemished glory, to the confusion of hell, and the consolation of those that put their trust in him.

On thy eternal truth and honour I entirely cast myself; if I am deceived, I am deceived; angels and archangels are deluded too; they, like me, have no dependance beyond the divine veracity for their blessedness and immortality; they hang all their hopes on his goodness and immutability; if that fails, the celestial Paradise vanishes, and all its glories are extinct; the golden palaces sink, and the terrific thrones must totter and fall. Where are your crowns, ye spirits elect! Where are your songs and your triumphs, if the truth of God can fail? A mere possibility of that would darken the fields of light, and turn the voice of melody into grief and lamentation.

What pangs would rise, even thro' all the regions of blessedness, what diffidence and fear would shake

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the heart of every inhabitant, what agonies surpriz them all, could the word of the most high God be concealed? The pillars of heaven might then tremble, and the everlasting mountains bow, the celestial foundations might be moved from their place and that noblest structure of the hands of God be chaos, and eternal emptiness.

But for ever "just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints; blessed are all they that put their trust in thee;" for thou art a certain refuge in the day of distress, and under the shadow of thy wings I will rejoice. "My soul shall make he boast in the Lord, and triumph in his salvation" "I called on him in my distress, and he has delivered me from all my fears."——Hallelujah.

Here I dismiss my carnal hope,
My fond desires recal;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

XXXIV. GLORY to GOD for SALVATION by JESUS, and his BLOOD.

LET me give glory to God before I die, and take shame and confusion to myself. I subscribe my salvation to the free and absolute goodness of God not by the strength of reason, or any natural inclination to virtue, but by "the grace of God I am what I am." O my redeemer, be the victory, be the glory thine. I expect eternal life and happiness from thee, not as a debt, but as free gift, a promised act of bounty. How poor would my expectations be, if I only look to be rewarded

warded according to those works which my own vanity, or the partiality of others, have called *good*, and which, if examined by the divine purity, would prove but specious sins? As such I do renounce them: pardon them, gracious Lord, and I ask no more, nor can I hope for that, but thro' the satisfaction which hath been made to divine justice for the sins of the world.

O Jesus, my Saviour, what harmony dwells in thy name! celestial joy, immortal life is in the sound.

Sweet name! in thy each syllable,

A thousand bless'd Arabias dwell;

Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices

And ten thousand Paradises.

Let angels set this name to their golden harps,
let the redeemed of the Lord for ever magnify it.

O my propitious Saviour, where were my hopes but for thee; how desperate, how undone were my circumstances? I look on myself in every view I can take with horror and contempt. I was born in a state of misery and sin, and in my best estate am altogether vanity. With the utmost advantage I could boast, I shrink back, I tremble to appear before unblemished Majesty. O thou in whose name the gentiles trust, be my refuge in that awful hour. To thee I come, my only confidence and hope. Let the blood of sprinkling, let the seal of the covenant be on me. Cleanse me from my original stain, and my contracted impurity, and adorn me with the robes of thy righteousness, by which alone

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I expect

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I expect to stand justified, before infinite justice and purity.

O enter not into judgment with me, for the best actions of my life cannot bear thy scrutiny; My devotion to God has been mingled with levity and irreverence; my charity to man with pride and ostentation. Some latent defect has attended my best actions, and those very things which perhaps have been highly esteemed by men, have deserved contempt in the sight of God.

“ When I survey the wond’rous cross

“ On which the Prince of glory dy’d ;

“ My richest gain I count my loss,

“ And pour contempt on all my pride.

“ Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,

“ Save in the cross of Christ, my God :

“ All the vain things that charm thee most,

“ I sacrifice them to thy blood.”

April 30, 1735.

XXXV. A REVIEW of DIVINE MERCY and FAITHFULNESS.

I Am now setting to my seal that God is true, and leaving this as my last testimony to the divine veracity. I can, from numerous experiences, assert and witness to the certainty of his promises. “ The word of the Lord is tried, and he is a buckler” to all those that put their trust in him.

“ O come,

"O come, all you that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he has done for my soul; I will ascribe righteousness to my Maker," and leave my record to a people yet unborn, that the generation to come may rise up and praise him.

Into whatever distress this wise providence has brought me, I have called on the Lord, and he heard me and delivered me from all my fears; I trusted in God, and he saved me. Oh! let my experience stand a witness to them that hope in his mercy; let it be to the Lord for a praise and a glory.

I know not where to begin the recital of thy numerous favours. Thou hast hid me in the secret of thy pavilion, from the pride of man, and from the strife of tongues, when by a thousand follies I have merited reproach thou hast graciously protected me, when the vanity of my friends, or the malice of my enemies might have stained my reputation: thou hast covered me with thy feathers, and under thy wings have I trusted: thy truth has been my shield and my buckler; to thee I owe the blessing of a clear and unblemished name, and not to my own conduct, nor the partiality of my friends.

—Glorify be to thee, O Lord.

Thou hast led me through a thousand labyrinths, and enlightened my darkness, when shades and perplexity surrounded me, and my life has broke forth out of obscurity, and my darkness been turned into noon day. Thou hast been a guide and a father to me. When I knew not where to ask advice, thou hast giving me unerring counsel: "The secret of the Lord has been with" me, and he has shown me his covenant."

In how many seen and unseen dangers hast thou delivered me? how narrow my gratitude? how wide thy mercy? how infinite the instances of thy goodness? how high above the ways and thoughts of man.

How often hast thou supplied my wants, and by thy bounty confounded my unbelief; thy benefits have surprised and justly reproached my diffidence; my faith has often failed, the world and all its fluctuities have failed, my own heart and hopes have failed, but thy merey endureth for ever, thy faithfulness has never failed.

The strength of Israel has never deceived me, nor made me ashamed of my confidence. Thou hast never been as a deceitful brook, or as waters that fail to my soul.

In loving-kindness, in truth, and in very faithfulness, thou hast afflicted me. Oh! how unwillingly hast thou seemed to grieve me? with how much indulgence has the punishment been mixed? Love has appeared thro' the disguise of every frowning brow, its beams have glimmered thro' the darkest night by every affliction thou hast been drawing me nearer to thyself, and removing my carnal props, that I may lean with more assurance on the Eternal Rock.

'Thy love has been my leading glory from the first intricate steps of life; the first undesigning paths I trod were marked and guarded by the vigilance of thy love; oh! whither else had my sin and folly led me?

How often have I tried and experienced thy clemency; and found an immediate answer to my prayers? Thou hast often literally fulfilled thy word: I have a fresh instance of thy faithfulness at

gain

gain: thou hast made me triumph in thy goodness, and given me a new testimony of the veracity of thy promises.

And after all, what ingratitude, what insensibility reigns in my heart? O cancel it by the blood of the covenant: root out this monstrous infidelity that still returns after the fullest evidence of thy truth. Thou hast graciously condescended to answer me in thy own time and way, and yet I am again doubting thy faithfulness and care. "Lord," pity me, "I believe; O help my unbelief." Go on to succour, go on to pardon, and at last conquer my diffidence. Let me hope against hope, and in the greatest perplexity give glory to God, by believing what my own experience has so often found —

"That the strength of Israel will not lie, nor is he
"as man, that he should repent."

While I have memory and thought let his goodness dwell on my soul. Let me not forget the depth of my distress, the anguish and importunity of my vows: when every human help fail'd and all was darkness and perplexity, then God was all my stay. When I knew no more but his, and he alone knew my soul in adversity. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

"Long as I live I'll bless thy name,

"My King, and God of love;

"My work and joy shall be the same.

"In the bright worlds above.

I have yet a thousand and ten thousand deliverances to recount, ten thousand unask'd for mercies to recall: no moment of my life has been destitute of

thy

XXXVI. Some DAILY EXPERIENCES of the GRACIOUS METHOD of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, to ME the LEAST and most UNWORTHY of all the SERVANTS of my LORD.

F I R S T W E E K . *

I.

Very's day's experience reproaches my unbelief, and brings me some new evidence of thy faithfulness. Thou hast dispelled my fears, and, to the confusion of my spiritual foes, thou hast heard the voice of my distress. But a few hours ago, I was trembling and doubting, if thou wast indeed a God hearing prayer; and now I have a fresh instance of thy goodness, which with a grateful heart I here record. May the sense of thy benefits dwell forever on my soul.

II.

Thy mercies are new every morning; again thou hast given me an instance of thy truth: "I trusted, " in God, and he has delivered me; I will love the " Lord, because he has heard the voice of my supplication; therefore will I call on him as long as " I live.

III.

* *Note.* The division of these meditations into sevens, by the pious writer, seems to tell us, that these were the devout thoughts of six weeks of her life.

III.

“As for God, his way is perfect; the word of the Lord is try’d: he is a buckler to all that put their trust in him.” He has punctually fulfilled the word on which I relied: blefs the Lord, O my foul.

IV.

Thy bounty follows me with an unwearied courie: language is too faint to exprefs thy praise: no eloquence can reach the subject. My heart is warm with the pious reflection; I look upward, and silently breathe out the unutterable gratitude that melts and rejoices my soul: I stagger’d at thy promise thro’ unbelief, and yet thou hast graciously performed thy words. If we sometimes doubt or falter in our faith, yet he abideth faithful who has promised.

V.

With the morning-light my health and peace are renew’d: the cheering influence of the sun, and the sweeter beams of the divine favour shine on my tabernacle.—Lord, why me? Why am I a ransom’d pardon’d sinner?—Why am I rejoicing among the instances of sovereign grace, and unlimited clemency?

VI.

I boasted in thy truth, and thou hast not made me

me ashamed: my infernal foes are confounded, while my faith is crowned with success.

Oh! who hath tasted of thy clemency
In greater measure, and more oft than I?

VII.

As the week begun, so it ends with a series of
mercy: language and numbers fail to reckon thy
favours, but this shall be my eternal employment.

When nature fails, and day and night,

Divide thy works no more,

My ever thankful soul, O Lord,

Thy goodness shall adore.

S E C O N D . W E E K.

I.

I “Have seen the goings of God my King in his
“sanctuary:” but O, how transient the view!
my sins turned back thy clemency, and yet I can
celebrate the wonders of forgiving grace.

II.

What do I owe thee, O thou great Preserver of
men, for easy and peaceful sleep, for nights unmo-
lested with pain and anxiety.

Thou round my bed a guard dost keep:
Thine eyes are open while I sleep.

Not

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Not a moment slides in which I am ungarded
by thy gracious protection.

III.

Thanks be to God, who has given me the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ. Thou hast delivered me from the snare of the fowler, the craft and snare of hell, and kept me back from sinning against thee: be thine the victory and praise, Hallelujah.

IV.

O Lord God of "Israel, happy is the man that putteth his trust in thee." I left my burden at thy feet, and thou hast sustain'd me; my cares are dissipated, my desires answered. "O who is a God like unto thee, near unto all that call on thee?"

V.

Thy strength is manifest in weakness: "not unto me, O Lord, but unto thee be all the glory."

For ever thy dear charming name,
Shall dwell upon my tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The theme of every song.

This shall be my employment thro' an eternal duration: 'tis that alone can measure my gratitude.

The

The Lord Jehovah is my strength and salvation, he also shall be my song.

VI.

Every day's experience confirms my faith, and brings a fresh evidence of thy goodness. Thou hast dispell'd my fears, and, to the confusion of my spiritual foes, hearken'd to the voice of my distress.

VII.

I will love the Lord, who has heard my supplications: I made my boast in his faithfulness, and he has answered all my expectations.

T H I R D W E E K.

I.

MY last exigence will be the closing part of life, Oh! remember me then, my God. Thou who hast led me hitherto, forsake me not at last. Be my strength when nature fails, and the flame of life is just expiring; let thy smiles cheer that gloomy hour: oh! then let thy gentle voice whisper peace and ineffable consolation to my soul.

II.

In fix and in seven troubles thou hast deliver'd me, and "been a covert from the tempest, a hiding-place "from the wind:" hitherto God has helped, and I have dwelt secure; and here I leave a memorial to thy praise, a witness against all my future distrust of thy faithfulness and truth.

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III.

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III.

Every day of my life encreases the sum of thy mercies : the rising and the setting sun, in its constant revolution, can witness the renewal of thy favours : thou wast graciously present in an imminent danger ; by thee my bones have been kept entire, and thou hast not suffered me to dash my foot against a stone.

IV.

" Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, " O my soul, and forget not all his benefits ; who " heals thy diseases, and pardons all thy sins." O thou, the great physician of my body, as well as of my distemp'rd soul, thou hast restor'd and saved me from death and hell. Blessed Jesus, thou hast " taken my infirmities, and borne my sickness ; the " chastisement of my peace was on thee, and by thy stripes I am healed."

V.

I subscribe to thy truth, O Lord ; I attest it in contradiction to infernal malice, to all the hellish suggestions that would tempt my heart to diffidence and unbelief, even against repeated experience, against the fullest evidence of the divine veracity.

VI.

Oh ! thou, who never sleepest nor sleepest,

this

this night thy watchful care has kept me from a threatening danger; thy eyes were open, while I was sleeping, secure beneath the covert of thy wings.

VII.

Another, and a greater deliverance has crown'd the day: I have found thy grace sufficient in an hour of temptation, thy strength has been manifest in my weakness. Thine was the conquest; be the crown and the glory thine for ever. By thee I have triumphed over the stratagems of hell; "not unto me, but to thy name be the praise, O Lord."

F O U R T H. W E E K.

I.

THIS not one of a thousand of thy favours can record; but eternity is before me, and that unlimited duration shall be employed to rehearse the wonders of thy grace. Then in the great assembly I will praise thee, I will declare thy faithfulness, and tell to list'ning angels what thou hast done for my soul, even for me, the least in thy family, unworthy to wipe the feet of the meanest of the servants of my Lord.

II.

How numberless are thy thoughts of love to my soul! if I should count them, they are more than the sand on the shore: thou hast again reprov'd my

M 2 unbelief,

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unbelief, and given me a new conviction that my whole dependance is on thee; that second causes are nothing, but as thou dost give them efficacy: all nature obeys thee, and is govern'd at thy command.

III.

O my God, I am again ready to distrust thee, and call in question thy faithfulness: oh! how deep has this cursed weed of infidelity rooted itself in my nature, but thou canst root it out.

IV.

Again I must begin the rehearsal of thy mercies: which will never have an end; for thou dost renew the instances of thy goodness to a poor ungrateful sinner. Thou hast punctually fulfill'd the promise on which I depended: thou hast granted the request of my lips, and led me in a plain way that I have not stumbled.

V.

This day I have received an unexpected favour: I doubted the success indeed, but thou hast gently rebuked my unbelief, and convinc'd me that all things are possible with thee, and that the hearts of the children of men are in thy hands.

VI.

VI.

Whether thou dost favour or afflict me, I rejoice in the glory of thy attributes, in whatever instance they are display'd. Be thy honour advanced, whether in mercy or justice: I must still assert the equality of thy ways, and ascribe righteousness to my Maker. Yet let me plead with thee, O my God, since mercy is thy darling attribute, oh! let it now be exalted: deal not with me in severity, but indulgence; for if thou shouldst mark what is amiss, who can stand before thee?

VII.

Thou dost heal my diseases, and renew my life; thou art the guardian of my sleeping and my waking hours. Glory to my God, whose eyes never slumber.

FIFTH WEEK.

I.

THOU knowest my secret grief, where my pain lies, and what are my doubts and diffculties. In thy wonted clemency, O Lord, dispel my darkness; leave me not to any fatal delusion in an affair of everlasting moment. This is my hour of information and practice; beyond the grave no
M 3. *mistake*

mistake can be rectify'd; as the tree falls, so it must for ever lie.

II.

Thy goodness still pursues me, O heavenly father, with an unwearied course; new instances of thy faithfulness reproach my unbelief. I sent up my petition with a doubting heart, and yet thou hast graciously designed to encourage my weak and staggering faith, which has often waver'd and fail'd, even in the view of the brightest evidence of thy power and truth.

III.

Thou dost seem resolv'd to leave my unbelief without excuse, by renewing the glorious conviction of thy clemency and truth O let not the unworthiness of the object turn back thy benignity from its natural course.

IV.

How many unrecorded mercies have glided along with my fleeting moments into thoughtless silence, and long oblivion? How prone is my ungrateful heart to forget thy benefits, or, (oh! amazing guilt) to make an ungrateful return?

V.

V.

Oh ! never let my false heart relapse into distrust and unbelief again ; thou hast rebuked my folly, and put a new song of praise into my mouth : let those infernal suggestions vanish that would once object against thy oft experienced truth. In this I would still triumph, and insult all the malice of hell. A time will come when thou shalt be glorified in thy saints, when thy truth and faithfulness shall appear in full splendor, when the beauty of thy attributes shall be conspicuous, and clear from every blemish that the impiety of men, or the malice of devils have charged on thy most righteous providence.

VI.

Let me still assert, that the ways of God are perfect justice and truth : I have a fresh instance of thy goodness to boast, and yet my ungrateful heart is even now ready to distrust. The Lord increase my faith : let thy renewed favours silence my unbelief, “ to shew that the Lord is upright ; he is “ my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in “ him.”

VII.

Teach me your language, ye ministers of light, that I may express my wonder and gratitude. O thou, who canst explain the secret meaning of my soul, take the praise that human words cannot express ;

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press; accept these unutterable attempts to praise thee.

SIXTH WEEK.

I.

LET me go on, O Most Holy, to record thy faithfulness and truth; let it be engraven in the rock for ever; let it be impressed on my soul, and impossible to be effaced.—What artifice of hell is it that so often tempts me to distrust thee, and joins with my native depravity to question thy truth?

II.

Oh! may I never forget this remarkable preservation: thy gentle hand supported me, and underneath were the everlasting arms. “Thou hast kept all my bones, not one of them is broken:” thy mercy upheld me even when it foresaw my insensibility and ingratitude. How does my guilt heighten thy clemency? How wondrous is thy patience, O Lord, and thy rich grace, that only gently rebuked me when thou mightest have taken severe vengeance of my sins?

III.

I must again begin the rehearsal of thy love. Thou hast eased my pain, scattered my fears, and lengthened out my days, Oh! may my being be devoted to thee!

thee : let it be for some remarkable service that I am restored to health again.

IV.

I find thy mercies renewed with my fleeting days, and to rehearse them shall be my glad employment, I trusted thee with my little affairs, and thou hast condescended to give me success. Lord what is man, that thou dost thus graciously regard him? Even my sins, my hourly provocations, cannot put a check to the course of thy beneficence ; it keeps on its conquering way against all the opposition of my ingratitude and unbelief ; and hast thou not promised, O Lord, it shall run parallel with my life, and measure out my days ?

V.

Jesus, my never-failing trust, I called on thy name, and thou hast fully answered my hopes : let thy praises dwell on my tongue, let me breathe thy name to the last spark of life. Thou hast scattered my fears, and been gracious beyond all my hopes : my faint and doubting prayers have not been rejected ; but oh ! how slow are my returns of praise, how backward my acknowledgments ?

VI.

Never have I trusted thee in vain ; Lord, increase my faith ; confirm it by a continued series of thy bounty : add this favour to the rest, for faith is the gift of God, an attainment above reason or nature.

I am

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I am now waiting for the accomplishment of a promise; O shew me thy mercy and truth, add this one instance to the rest, and for ever silence the suggestions of hell, and my own infidelity.

VII.

How rooted is this cursed principle of unbelief, that can yet distrust thee after so many recorded instances of thy love? How long will it be ere my wavering soul shall entirely confide in thy salvation? Oh! my God, pity my weakness, give new vigour to my faith, and let me take up my rest in thee for ever.

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